

DISCORDER

THAT DREAMY MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9 FM



FEBRUARY 2004

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NATE DENVER'S
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ISSUE 248 • FEBRUARY 04 • THAT DREAMY MAG FROM CITR 101.9 FM



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Cover

The cover was designed by the talented Shannon Bennett and uses a photo of The Front by the lovely Michelle Mayne. The above photo, taken during an editorial meeting, was captured by Chloe Lewis.

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the March issue is...oh, let's say February 18. Ad space is available until February 23 and can be booked by calling Jason at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred, but we will accept French. Actually, we won't. Send email to DISCORDER at discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca.

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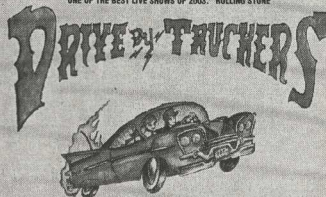
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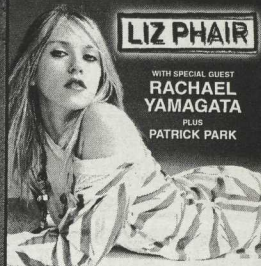
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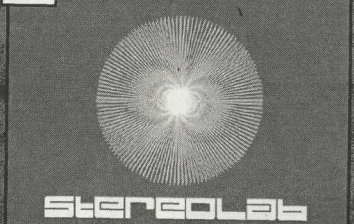
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FROM the DESK of...

by Duncan

Editing a magazine is sort of like being in a doomed love affair. At the beginning, everything is dreamy and exciting and new. You can spend hours with your new lover, not even thinking of the time, simply basking in a reflected amorous glow. But love is fleeting, and eventually, being doomed, you're left feeling distant, alone, awkward and frustrated, a bitter shell of your former self, defenseless and starving, and cold and disoriented. At least this is what editing DISCORDER was like.

If you apply the relationship metaphor fully, DISCORDER has been a fucking slut. I'm the fifth editor of DISCORDER since September 2001. In that time, DISCORDER's had Lindsay Sung, Barbara Andersen, Chris Eng, Merik Cooper and myself as editor. That's a lot of frantic blood tests, my friend. Fret not though, because as of next month DISCORDER will have a caring, passionate editor by the name of Kot Siddle. Kat has a show on CTR ("Dim Sum"), she's short and jet-lagged—but (but!) ready to be the sort of editor that DISCORDER has been waiting for. Lord knows the magazine needs it.

As of this issue, our staff is made up of an ad guy who's worked on two issues, a brand new production manager (still figuring out the intricacies of InDesign and the voodoo of DISCORDER's computer), a one-off interim editor and a hedge-podge of various art directors. I guess what I'm trying to say is, please be patient with DISCORDER. The magazine has been on the rebound (seriously), but things are going to get stable: new editor, new production manager, new ad guy, new art director; things are looking up from here. Uh, yeah.

Speaking of this issue, I think we've done okay, given the chaos. DISCORDER is sometimes criticized for its lack of diversity, but in this issue we managed

to feature two hip hop interviews, with Josh Martinez and SHINDIG winners The Front. We also managed to cover two local bands: Raging Bombs and All State Champion. And then there's Moncton's Peter Parkers (interviewed by The Nasty One's Jason Grimmer) and some dude from San Francisco named Nate Denver. Yee haw.

In other news, DISCORDER's amazing new website is up and mostly running. It was designed by outgoing editor Merik and art director Lori Kiestling, and took a very, very long time to complete, so you best be paying your respect. Go to <http://discorder.citr.ca> and revel in the beauty of its exquisite web design. There are even message boards, where you can leave all sorts of messages, or something. Anyways, it's all very exciting.

Also, we're looking for some help from readers. For the next issue, we're going to be doing an interview with Nardwaz the Human Serivette to commemorate the release of Ripple Rock, the new album from his band The Evaporators. In the spirit of Nardwaz-style interviewing, we're calling on readers to provide us with obscure facts and questions with which to confront Monsieur Nard. Submissions should be emailed to discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca.

Finally, please keep in mind that DISCORDER is always looking for volunteers. We need writers, reviewers, photographers, designers, cartoonists, proofreaders, sushi chefs, human files (that's Groeme's joke, I don't get it!) and fancy dancers. If this sounds like your bag, drop us an email at that address up there.

Okay, that's it for me. I hope you enjoyed my one issue at the helm. It's not the greatest issue ever, but none of us really knew what we were doing. And the magazine didn't really help.

bullshit by
christa min

fucking bullshit

He let me use his hockey shorts as a pillow on the plane, and he sang me cradle of filth songs in my ear to help me fall asleep.

pretty lame. I know skaters look cool, and we've got the best gear, but unless you love to skate, it's all a front.

I'm not that good, but my heart's in it. I love cruising, feeling the cold wind in my face. I also love seeing people kill it. Jarkko is seriously amazing. He throws down the biggest hammers I've ever seen.

Jarkko started skating in Finland as a child, so he knows where all the sweetest spots are. He took me to the underground ones, and some of them were super gnarly. I had to take a seat when the tranny was too gnar. I just chilled and watched Jarkko shred it.

We spent most of our holiday cruising, just stoked on living, but I'll never forget the trick Jarkko pulled in Tampere. He was skating so fast—switch, if you can believe it—and I wasn't sure what he was going to do, when all of a sudden, he did a quadruple toe loop/triple lutz combination. I practically cried. It was so sick. I'd never felt so alive! Skate or die!

Hello! I'm back, fresh from my winter holiday! I'm allowed to take a holiday, aren't I? Apparently DISCORDER lost hundreds of dollars in advertising and hundreds of readers because of my absence last month. Sorry. Like I said, I was on holiday.

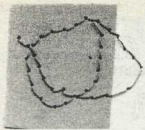
I was in Finland with my old pal Jarkko Ruutu. You may know him as #37, the top sniper on the Vancouver Canucks NHL hockey team. I know him as my good buddy from the old days. I met him a couple of weeks ago in the Canucks' locker room, and he immediately invited me to go back with him to his homeland.

You may find it hard to believe because of Ruutu's finesse game, but Jarkko can get pretty wild and crazy. Don't get me wrong, though. He's a perfect gentleman. He let me use his hockey shorts as a pillow on the plane, and he sang Cradle of Filth songs in my ear to help me fall asleep.

The plane ride was long, but once we got to Helsinki, I knew it was all worth it. It's a beautiful place, and the people are so friendly. After meeting the Ruutu family, Jarkko and I immediately went skating.

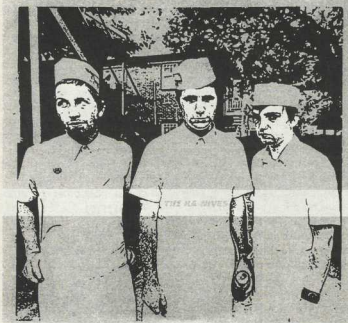
Although we get along famously, Jarkko and I don't have very much in common. He likes milkshakes and clogs, and I like martinis and stilettoes. There are two things that we both love, though: death metal and skating.

Jarkko, of course, is a professional skater. I just do it because I love it. I've always loved it. There are kids these days that are into it because it's cool right now. That's fine, but I wish they'd learn the basics before trying the tricks they see in the magazines. At least they're actually trying to skate, I guess some kids are just into the skate lifestyle, which is



riff raff

new vinyl
by bryce dunn



Well, here we are back in action once more with choice seven-inch cuts of only the finest quality, vinyl vittles to get the juices flowing and the party showing. It's a small sampling this month, but it's lean, mean and definitely not lacking in flavour.

Getting ya started is a foray into the funk, the latest offering from the Daptone staple of artists, **Charles Bradley And The Bunch**. I'm admittedly a bit of a Johnny-come-lately when it comes to this stuff, but I had the chance to see another of the Daptone Records combos, **Sharon Jones And The Dap Kings** live last year, and after her explosive performance I have been converted. So when this new slab came to

my attention I had to check it out, and it's got a groove that'll make you move. The two tracks provided, "Now That I'm Gone" and "Can't Stop Thinking About You" are soulful shakers with great flutter-pickin' guitar lines and bouncing bass, with Charles Bradley's crooning voice sealing the deal. A necessary addition to the record collections of funk soul brothers (and sisters) among you. (Daptone Records 115 Troutman St. Brooklyn, NY, USA 11206).

Crooning is not something the guys in **The K-movies** are known for, nor would they admit to. If asked, but instead, according to the press release that accompanies their seven inch, they "...pissblast their way

through the forgotten corners of rock's foundations like meth-infused marmosets." Well I've never seen a meth-infused marmoset before, but if that's the kind of tagline they have to use to sell records, I'm your sucker. Indeed, etched on to slick black wax are two tracks of unrefined, fun-filled riffs rockers that need no explanation other than...well there is nothing to say. "Weasel" is a cover of **Joe & The Furies** tribute to meth-infused marmosets, and "Dear Dad" is a **Chuck Berry** number about a letter to a father about how he's acting like a meth-infused marmoset. And if you believe that, then who's the sucker now? (Lance Rock Records 370 Bruce Avenue Nanaimo, BC Canada V9R 3Y1).

And last but not least a tag-team effort from two acts from Montana, **The Volumen**, who chime in with "Lady Cop," a seventies-rock spoof that doesn't grab you right away, might take a few listens to get the joke, but the flip side offered by **No-Fi Soul Rebellion** in the song "Church" is a indie-rap treat with Casio beats and handclaps in the vein of **War** **Superstar** or **Reggie And The Full Effect** with a dose of **The Make-Up**, if only for the gospel flavour reflected in the lyric: "If all good things left you in the lurch, come on children, let me take you to church." (Wantage USA P.O. Box 8681 Missoula, MT USA 59807).

Can I get a hallelujah? No. Oh how about "See you next time?" Sounds good. Until then...

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July Fourth Toilet
Friday 28 November
Pat's Pub

There was a stunted wind blowing through Pat's, with all three of the night's acts working that nice, quivery tenor between "they can't be serious" and "oh, but they are."

Arriving in time to catch a chunk of opening band Rock'n, I recognized art scene character **David Young**. As the neck of his guitar ejaculated a stream of fireworks, I wondered: "Was that performance art or is he just happy to see me?"

Local stand-up outlaw **Paul Anthony** followed, in the persona of a rocker whose bandmates had all quit. This man can transform himself so brilliantly that he's unrecognizable from one gig to the next. Air gutturing his way through a valiant, one-song set, he was a marvellous, spindly cartoon with the high yelp of a stadium dinosaur who's blown his vocal chords.

The headliners didn't so much begin, as infiltrate the room until the whole crazy assemblage was onstage in a cloud of incense, bells and chanting. Unless you consider theatrically a through-line, no two July Fourth Toilet shows are alike and many have no set list. This one was a seamless barrage of liturgy and catharsis, with members costumed as high priestesses, burn victims and god knows what else. I felt like we were watching asylum inmates who'd gone off their meds and into art therapy. And yet...chaos did not reign. The group had invented a fabulous beast and would ride it till it broke.

Although a host of talented artists and musicians make up the Toilet family (this show featured nine of them), the band's engine is the mind of frontman Robert Dayton. Tonight, he warbled and genuflected with lightning intensity. In his little fury bonnet and knee-length skirt, he reminded me of the street woman who used to sing on the platform in Camden town tube station. He taps into something that I can only describe as an aggressive, but endearing naftness which never asks to be taken seriously but must be protected at all costs. Vive la Toilette.

PuSh International Performance Series
K.
Thursday 15 January
Frederick Wood Theatre

K. is for Kafka—a writer with such a powerful gift for portraying bureaucracy in all its abhorrent and horror, that his name has spawned an adjective. What makes spending time in Kafka's landscapes such a twisted plea-

sure is the very thing that was in short supply in the writing and delivery of this play: levity.

Subtitled *Kafka: A Passionate Life*, K. was written by **Martin Tullius**, artistic director of Denmark's Kaleskoda Theatre, and had its premiere in Copenhagen in 1999. Tullius himself came to Vancouver to direct local actors in a co-production with Rumble Productions and Theatre at UBC, so one can assume that this mounting represented his original vision.

The play focuses on the final three hours of Kafka's life (he died of tuberculosis in a sanatorium at age 41), events unfolding as a fever dream in which everything that tormented him in reality—authorial figures, father phobias, sexual urges and the capriciousness of his literary muse—pays a final nightmarish visit.

In the rather extensive programme notes, Tullius states that "the use of wordless scenes is important in creating the dreamlike atmosphere that is found in the writing of Kafka." Amen. But that didn't stop him from loading the play with expository verbiage until it groaned and buckled under the weight. The non-verbal interludes weren't much help because they were often clichéd and representational—you know, lots of choreographed marching about by the business-suited Ensemble. I was spending too much time just watching the actors cope.

Norman Armour gave a clean, strong performance as the dying man's autocratic physician; as did Karin Konoval in the role of his sexual and intellectual nemesis, Lilith. I did find them both a bit textbook and generic, but then they were probably just trying to get out of it alive.

The pearl in the oyster was James Long in the title role. He understood the character so deeply and surrendered to it so completely that he became a barometer for what was wrong with the script. As an actor, Long seemed as hampered by his play's ballast as Kafka was by his absurdly totalitarian surroundings. At one point (when no one was required to speak), he dropped to the floor and gave away a brief flash of Gregor Samsa—the bloke from "Metamorphosis" who turns into a giant bug—then scrambled up a wall on the door handles and hung there, exuding angst. It was sublime until he began to spout reams of ponderous text.

There was much to admire in Tullius's chic, cleverly designed set, and his Danish team's dramatic special effects, scary lighting design and video projections. Too bad the play was nearly over before all this stagecraft was set free to work some visual magic as

a wall toppled, the floor opened up and everything folded in on itself.

But I expected more from this. I wanted to be left tingling in space by the effortless slope of characters and situations into bizarre extremes. I think the term for that is *Kafkaesque*.

THE PLUGHOLE

Guy Maddin alert! If you missed *Cowards Bend the Knee* when it played at last year's VIFF, you should be at the Pacific Cinematheque when it gets a screening on February 7 as part of *Moving Pictures: Canadian Films on Tour*. Maddin's peepshow melodrama is exactly one hour long, making it a good ten minutes too brief for general release, so this could be a rare big screen chance. Same goes for his feverish six-minute opus which precedes it: *The Heart of the World*.

Another Cinematheque treat will be three features and three shorts from sad-eyed comic genius Buster Keaton. Just watching him move is a rapturous experience. Actually, that's all you'll need to do because the films are silent. They run February 26-28.

Guy Maddin



In memoriam—Vancouver's heart of weirdness, late-night gathering & final occult holdout, The Sugar Refinery. Every arbitrary is personal, and so here I write my own experiences of the Refinery, for its formation of a particular time & space out here on the West Coast of the world. -RV

LONG LIVE THE SUGAR REFINERY

1995—Drifting & stoned through the greyscape of downtown, slicing slides with friend sless, I ran into a street vendor of black and whites on Robson. Chat followed on photography, and he drew us the secret map to his exhibit at the Sugar Refinery. It was a few weeks before we managed to find the place, fucked away via the back-alley entrance off 1115 Granville. Inside, our teenage prayers for a secret bohemia were answered. Obscure furniture and seating arrangements, art displays at crazed angles, & a serving of booze that required a friendly chat and a "forgotten" beer on your table (or couch)—all this set the tone as chess, smoke, talk and music layered late into the night, the dawn, the morning.

Eclectic owner, playwright, actor, cook, bartender and sometimes poet Steven Horwood lived in the back of this subcutaneous beacon. Around Sam he would mosey on up front, cowboy hat over the brim of his scalp, pull out the loud '50s microphone and shout "Fuck Off. All of ya". Get the hell out!" Wild applause, screaming... Then: "I mean it. Get the fuck outta here." Eventually we would stumble out the door to another dizzly dawn. Steven's words echoing in our stoned brains... waiting for the first bus in the all-night Subway.

1997—begin DJing @ the Refinery, guesting on Robby Lub Dub and Jess' Knee Deep deep house night on Tuesdays. Late into the night the grooves drop from atop the raised DJ booth to the left of the stairs. People dance atop church pews, school chairs, couches. Sex in the bathroom, lines on the counter. The fan is eventually installed, blowing fabric to the heavens and smoke up & away, the furniture is rearranged each week, the place is under constant renovation, art persists on the walls—photography, paintings, drawings, sculpture, junk, garbage. The décor and the art merge to become one. Plays are performed, jazz and bands and DJs dominate night after night of late-night speculation and connection among the city's denizens. Orkio holds court. The Refinery becomes the spot to bring the out-of-towner, to meet in secret before a rave,

to plan [NWR], to crash after one, to see and hear and absorb and soak—to soak the inside things after soaking all that rain. To soak what we thought culture should be in this Northern eddy.

1999—too many public lines. I guess: the all-nighter DJ spin-outs end, the furniture becomes a little more sane, tables begin appearing, the couches make their way into a front-room. Steven seems to be around less & less, living somewhere else where he doesn't have to argue patrons out of his bedroom. Food appears that is seemingly regulated, the kitchen kicks in high gear, & the perogies begin to gain a certain notoriety. The Sugar Refinery becomes respectable, yet matures like a good wine, rich with experiences.

2000/2001—Several shows at the Refinery during this era. Radiart with [The User's] Silaphone.net in Montreal; numerous experimental electronic shows including the launch of Tapestry and A/V Jodel. The Refinery even has its own decks for awhile, in the new, carpeted booth cut out of the wall. It's a reliable mainstay in the Vancouver underbelly when all else drops from sight—the All Good Café disappearing at the end of the '90s, the rave scene dead, rock venues lacking, good clubs gone (Celebrities, Graceland). The Bears play a 24 Hour show that goes down in legend & makes us all proud.

2003—City inspectors close up the Refinery, thus reaffirming No Fun City, even under a leftist City Council. Everyone knew the Refinery had changed. Horwood was, and still is, in Montreal, where rents are cheap and weird nights are still to be found. The Refinery by now had been sold by Horwood. The irony is that, in the eyes of the City, it should have been for the better—the place was cleaner & more organised that it ever had been. Yet it was not enough, some bribe was late,

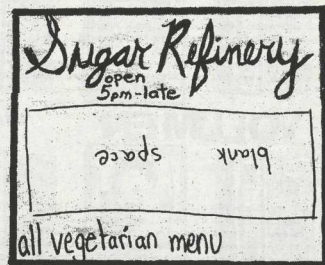
some inspector missed his or her chili-pil or anal laté that morning. Yet its closure—whether forever or pending relocation—will mark an era in the Vancouver renaissance known as "The Nineties."

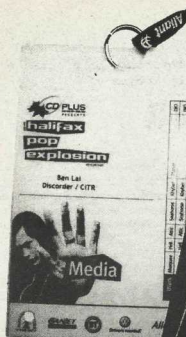
The Refinery might move, but the location holds the magic. Alley-entrance. Up the narrow stairs. Gazing out at the sky and stars at 4am on a sudden dawn.

The '90s—a sudden burst that will catalyse the energy of this city as it becomes a cosmo-

Around 5am he would mosey on up front, cowboy hat over the brim of his scalp, pull out the loud '50s microphone and shout "Fuck Off. All of ya". Get the hell out!" Wild applause, screaming... Then: "I mean it. Get the fuck outta here."

pollution destination. Better believe it. Unlike the '80s, which mourned the loss of Vancouver as a backwater of paradise in true industrial fashion, the '90s was a paradox, striving to internationalise the city and its talents while still aiming for the lo-fi profile. Whatever the aims, here's the result: two separate articles, read & seen in NYC in January, name Vancouver (along with Toronto & Melbourne) as one of the future cities of the world. High technology, relatively tolerant populations, strong immigrant communities, clean air and water, and natural beauty. A perfect leader city, ready for the next level of rape. Vancouver so far has been mainly property hoarded by the 'uppies. Now the global rich have their eyes on this waterfront wonderland. Like Manhattan today, one day Vancouver will only be rich, richer, and richest.





Coast Guard

road worn & weary

By Ben Lai, even the photos.

For over 10 years the Halifax Pop Explosion (HPX) has been the premiere music festival in Atlantic Canada. Fans, scenesters, and musicians alike all flock to the city each fall to check out some great music at fantastic venues. I love Halifax. I love seeing shows. Following this logic I just had to go to the Halifax Pop Explosion.

Thursday, October 30

My adventures of HPX 2003 started at The Khyber Club, made famous to non-Haligonians by the album *Down at the Khyber* by ex-Thrush Hermit front man Joel Plaskett. The Khyber is much smaller than I anticipated: it has almost the same dimension as our Sugar Refinery. I spotted Mike from The Melgrove Band (whom I've met on several occasions before) milling about, so I decided to have a chat with him. He told me that their band will be playing last tonight and they've been very busy touring and working on a new album (don't they all say that?). As for the difference between HPX and other music festivals like North By Northeast and New Music West, Mike commented, "it's better for the bands. We get treated better and they actually pay us to play."

Ottawa's Chris Page got on stage first. It's a guy with his electric guitar. He sang well and played well, but the set was so boring. Every one of his songs was the same. I found myself paying more attention to the traffic outside the window of the Khyber than to his music. He reminded me of when bands have encores and only the lead singer comes out to sing solo with his guitar. Cool at first but after two songs everyone's going, "Where the fuck's the rest of the band?"

The Coast Guard was on next. They are an indie-pop band based in St. John's. Their songs were cute, catchy and had good rhythms so I enjoyed them quite a bit. I found out from their lead vocalist Rhianon Thomas afterwards that she lost her voice half way through the set but I honestly couldn't tell the difference. Very promising band; maybe they will be the next big thing to come out of Newfoundland since Hardship Post.

The Melgrove Band ended off the night at the Khyber. I've seen these guys many times now and I adore their danceable songs and driving guitars. As always they dished out a good rock and roll show but could have benefited from a bigger audience - it was late Thursday night and the Khyber was emptying out. By the time the Melgrove Band was finished it was already well past 1 A.M. It was too late for me to check out any other show so back to the hotel I went.

Friday, October 31

One cool thing about HPX was that they had quite a few all-ages shows on the menu. On Friday I decided to check out one of these early all-ages shows at a venue called the Cadeix, which is an internet café by day. This place was packed with teenagers in Halloween costumes. A band called This Message

Will Self Destruct was performing in the middle of the crowd as there wasn't a stage area. They sounded exactly like what I would expect from an act called This Message Will Self Destruct - heavy punk-metal with screaming vocals. It was a good, fun, energetic set, the only problem was that the vocals did not come through too well on the sound system.

On God was next. The HPX program guide said, "(You'll be) scared to death as you shake your ass and watch out for glass." Well, not really. They were loud and they jumped around a lot, but nothing special. The highlight of their set was at the end when one of the guys in the band dived into the crowd and promptly fell to the floor. "That fucking hurts!" I heard him complaining to his bandmates after the set. That's the price you'll have to pay to be a rock star I figure.

After getting a bite to eat I went to The Attic. This large club had been remodeled for the better since the last time I was there; they've made the area in front of the stage much bigger. When Toronto's blueScreen appeared on stage the place was virtually empty, which was unfortunate because the band was quite good. Their brand of atmospheric rock was aided tremendously by the ethereal and haunting vocals of Delphine Roussel. Musically they reminded me of early Lush, which was more than okay. By the time folk-rock act Dusty Sorbet and the Rusty Wheels got started the Attic was starting to fill up with people in Halloween costumes. One guy had a chipmunk on his shoulder ("Chip" on the shoulder. Cuchi). Dusty and his gang didn't do it for me. I spent most of their set time chatting with blueScreen and discovering that there was more to the Attic than I originally thought. When we walked down one set of stairs we stepped right into a meal-market type dance club, filled with teenagers rubbing against one another and dancing to R Kelly hits. What the hell?

As exciting as it was to watch half naked girls grinding each other I decided to head back upstairs for some live music. When I first heard the name of the next band, Golden Dogs, I assumed they'll be a 70's inspired classic rock outfit. I wasn't expecting an indie-pop rock band. They were excellent and had a diverse sound. They hooked people into dancing to their catchy songs, cool riffs and perfect harmonies. Lead vocalist/guitarist Dave Azouli was very animated as a front man, gesturing to the crowd and being very entertaining. And I was pretty crazy about the keyboardist Jessica Grassia's screaming backup vocals too - it worked with the rest of the material brilliantly.

Run Chico Run was next at The Attic. Even though I like these two Victoria boys I just had to leave, as I wasn't going to miss seeing one of my current favorite bands, Broken Social Scene, at my favorite venue, The Marquee Club. By the time I got to the Marquee BSS were already well into their third song. As expected, this Canadian overgroup was as wonderful as always. Beautiful, loud, chaotic and subtle all at the same time, what grabbed me most was how comfortable with each other they all seemed on stage. The highlight of the night for me was the song "Almost Crimes" with Kevin Drew dueling vocals with Amy Milen (from Stars), who sang the parts originally done by Emily Haines (from Metric) on the album.

Continued on
next page.

THIS MESSAGE WILL SELF- DESTRUCT.

Based in Halifax, This Message Will Self Destruct is William Erving on drums, Tobias Rochman on bass and vocals, Ross Larkin on vocals and (some) bass and Eben Hicks on guitar. Here are some questions I posed to Tobias.

DISORDER: Who are you and what do you play?
Tobias: Tobias Rochman. I play bass, sometimes guitar with an octave pedal, and sing.

Can you describe your music?
We play infectious and passionate dance music with aggravated guitars, too much feedback and lots of screaming.

Where did the name of the band come from?
We didn't pick the name to tip our hats to any pop culture, it just describes us well. At the end of our sets we are usually bloody, sweaty and unable to continue playing; we break a lot of strings, guitars and drums. No one really gets the name for what it is until they see us live.

What's the best thing about being in a band?
Strangers hooting and hollering and stroking my ego. I have really low self-esteem. But, the best part of being in "this" band is that I've never been in any band where everyone is on the same wave length with so much dedication; and no inner conflicts or tension.

When someone mentions the city "Vancouver", what is the first thing you think of?
David F. Wilber as a centaur on mouth kissing Terry McBride in trashy drag. Or Scratch Records.

TMWSD can be contacted at <http://www.angelfire.com/ex/destruct/>

9 february

Halifax Pop EXPLOSION!!!

Part 2 3



Melgrove Band

Saturday November 1

Saturday night began for me at The Seahorse Tavern, which is a small and cozy bar. Ermine, originally from London, Ontario, was entertaining the crowd. They are a hard rock band a la Tool, decent but pretty unmemorable - except for the couple of songs with the violin which was moderately refreshing. I headed over to the Khyber (which was only a block away) to check out Tacoma Hellfarm Tragedy afterwards. They are a moody and mellow 3-piece alt country/folk band from Guelph, Ontario. Their simple, accessible songs weren't bad at all. Tyler Messick & the Museum Pieces was up next and they got uninteresting fast. Way too pretentiously artsy for my taste. After enduring two songs I was back at the Seahorse watching the end of Dean Malenko's set. They seemed like a neat little punk rock band - dime-a-dozen - but still fun to watch. About half an hour later Contived appeared on stage. This high energy band got the crowd involved with a sing along during the beginning of their show and never let them go. Kudos to them.

After Contived I was back at the Khyber to scoop out Cuff The Duke. Dave from The Golden Dogs was here just to scout them out and the boys from Tacoma Hellfarm Tragedy described CTD as "Sonic Youth meets Johnny Cash" so my expectations were astronomical to say the least. Luckily they were excellent, providing the packed crowd with a rocking set. One of their greatest strengths was the variety in their music, ranging from old-style country hymns to psychedelic rooty numbers.

Back to the Seahorse I went after Cuff The Duke. Being so hyped by their label Sonic Unyon I was looking forward to seeing Kitchens and Bathrooms. This Hamilton trio's heavy handed approach to art-rock was quite respectable but overall it wasn't the kick in the ass I was hoping for. Gaffer, supposedly "one of the most beloved rawk bands in Eastern Canada" played next and this was going to be their last show ever. They started their set stumbling when they messed up halfway through a song. "That's why we broke up!" one member joked. These guys are crazy loud - too much for me after three solid nights of music. I swore that I saw the lights at the Seahorse flicker during some of their more intense parts.

On my way back to the hotel, I bumped into Jeff from Cuff The Duke. We talked about everything from Sloan to the General Motors Plant in Oshawa to why Halifaxians are better partiers than Vancouverites (my theory is that they drink more alcohol and smoke less pot). The one thing we both agreed on was that this Halifax Pop Explosion was definitely one worth coming to. Yay to the folks who put it together. Yay to Halifax.

TACOMA! HELLFARM TRAGEDY

from Guelph, Ontario.

Tacoma Hellfarm tragedy consists of Brad on guitar, Roger on bass and Danyl on drums. I talked to the band after their set at the Khyber.

DISORDER: How do you like the Khyber?

Danyl: This bar is great.

Brad: Dusty Sorbet did the sound. He did an awesome job. Long drive to Halifax but it's totally worth it, such a great town.

Do you want to describe your sound?

Brad: Basically what Jeff from Cuff The Duke said me was that we are very minimalists. We are a three piece so we try to keep it simple.

Roger: We rely on the simplicity of vocals.

What's with your name?

Danyl: That's what everyone asks.

Brad: It's been spelled wrong the whole time we've been in Halifax. What it is about is that Danyl's parents own a horse farm and we practice there. They moved in when they were in their early 30's. They paroled a lot and called it the Hellfarm and have hats and T-shirts made up. So we practice at the Hellfarm. We were going to call ourselves the Tacoma Steekley Band because they were a big design company in Seattle. But later we were like, "steeking, we'll keep that, and the Hellfarm." And back in the 1800's.

Danyl: It's an old farm house that my parents have and apparently a tragedy happened. Someone went crazy with a shotgun.

Roger: That's the Tacoma Hellfarm Tragedy.

It's a good name.

Brad: Yeah. Either you remember it or you don't. Makes it hell to tell people your email address though.

Check out the band at: <http://www.geocities.com/tacomaHellfarmtragedy/ambio.html>

BlueScreen:

BlueScreen is a band based out of Toronto featuring Delphine Rausser on vocals, Robert Lomake on bass.

Brad: Ketchen on guitar and David Capanelli on drums. I asked the band some questions:

DISORDER: Can you describe your music?

Delphine: Loud, 70's, spacey, crunchy, heavy, ethereal.

What are some of your influences musically?

Delphine: Everything But The Girl, Todd Amos, Single Gun.

Robert: The Cure, The Glaxopione, Cocteau Twins.

Brad: Sini, Verve, early Jones Addictio.

David: The Beatles, Ragehead, The Police, The Who.

Where did the name of the band come from?

Delphine: Early morning, no coffee, sitting in a low-st room waiting for the WHMIS (Workplace Hazardous Materials Information System) training video to begin. Play play. Enter BlueScreen.

What's your favorite thing about the Halifax Pop Explosion?

Delphine: The people, everyone was so friendly and helpful. As an added bonus, we got to sit up on donors while we were there!

Delphine, being originally from Ladner, BC, what did you miss most about it?

Delphine: I miss the ocean air and skiing. Oh, and White Dolphin.

BlueScreen can be reached at either info@blueScreen.ca or <http://www.blueScreen.ca/>

NATE DENVER'S NECK



Yes, he has a neck; it houses his spinal chord!

By Natalie Vermeer

Nate Denver's Neck is a one-man show from San Francisco. I saw him open for The Dirty Three last May and have been fascinated ever since. He appeared on stage in a scary skeleton mask and black cloak and the crowd backed away! Later he removed the skull face to reveal a black hooded mask and attached a cardboard scythe to the end of his guitar. His last look was a painted dead man face with a cardboard axe. Of course, it wasn't just his appearance that was captivating; his songs consisted of banter between his cutesy folk persona and his metal roars and recorded sounds. I still remember some of his lyrics including a song about an angry, neglected stuffed hippopotamus that he ate and later stabbed through his own stomach to kill. Anyway, I found his rhymes and insane stories terribly clever and I finally emailed him this past November to see what he was up to. He was just headed out on tour and kindly answered my random questions when he returned home...

DISORDER: Where are you headed on your tour?

Nate Denver: I circled the US dragging a sword the entire way so I could find my way home if I got lost. I did not get lost, but I did get a raccoon.

How long are you gone for?

As long as there are monsters in my room, which turned out to be one month.

Who is joining you?

Casiohene for the Painfully Alone. He nearly crashed three times and he snores so loud it sounds like he's screaming, but other than that, he is a great tour companion. Last night, a house guest crashed into my parked car and exploded the headlight.

How do you divide time up between Total Shutdown, Dig that body up... It's Alive and your Neck?
Masterfully. P.S. Dig that body up...it's Alive is dead.

Does Zeigenbock Kopf freak you out, even just a little?

Negative. I'm not afraid of Germans and Zeigenbock Kopf does not have permission to freak me out. The tattooed member is very talented. I am confident and comfortable on a dance floor and will gladly annihilate any or all of them in a competition.

Is there a possibility of others joining Nate Denver's Neck?

How dare you. Two people have tried to join and they were defeated. Solo bands are wonderful because there is no dissenting voice and no ego to compete with so the individual can create the best music anyone has ever heard in the history of time. Ten million elephants could not stop me.

How do you decide on who can contribute to your records?
Sorcery.

How did you hook up with Mick Turner and King Crab records?
My friend Mark was looking at the Dirty Three site and saw a King Crab link that was asking for demos. He suggested I send a Total Shutdown demo. TS was already set up with Thin The Heard and impressively wealthy, so I secretly sent my CD. Mick emailed me a few weeks later and my brain ran down my spine and smothered my heart in order to produce an appropriate shock in my human body. The Dirty Three are mega.

What is the significance of your "neck"?

My neck houses my spinal chord and if it is twisted too far to the left or right I will cease to live.

What instruments can you play?

I cannot play any instrument well enough to claim I can play it.

When did you start playing them?

My dad bought me my trumpet when I was 11. My mom bought me my guitar when I was 13. I cut woodshop to buy a bass at 17. I rarely cut class, but I still received bad marks. In college I received good marks, but I didn't play much guitar.

What music did you grow up listening to?

Pete the Genius.

What inspires your stage costumes and changes, including the scythe and axe ends for your guitar?

I don't like going to most shows because they are often really boring so I put together something I think I would enjoy watching. I am finished with my Christmas shopping.

Have you ever performed (as Nate Denver's Neck) without your makeup?

Many times. The first year I performed I had no costumes. The first time I put on the armour was at a brightly lit coffee shop. My dad was there and he was delighted. I touched the excellent writer Beth Lisick's baby's head and thought she'd be cross with me, but she wasn't.

Where do you get your stories from?
The deepest depths of heaven.

What is the last dream/nightmare you remember having?

I had a pet koala but it meowed and purred like a cat. I felt very happy.

Do you prefer tunnels, doughnuts or McDonalds? Why?

When I need to get through a mountain I prefer doughnuts because they give me the energy needed to dig. When I need to get to the Arc de Triomphe I prefer tunnels. And when I forget that I don't like McDonalds and have been convinced by my stomach that I like it, I like McDonalds.

(Do you have any idea why I would ask that previous question?)

Yes. That is my favorite part of the album. [editor's note: If I had the energy, I would get rid of this deplorable in-joke. But I feel very weak so it stays in.]

How do you stay balanced between good and evil (or are you)?

I try to follow the golden rule and I don't do murdering. Still, sometimes I am a real jerk.

How many recordings do you have out?

There is one Nate Denver's Neck CD. The second CD will come out someday. There are two Total Shutdown albums, two 7"s and several comps. The Tilt Mode Army movie *Man Down* has two songs by Mark Whiteley and I.

When can we expect you back to Vancouver (or even Seattle)?
I like Vancouver very much. If you invite me, I will come.

What was Wes Borland (ex-Limp Bizkit's) Halloween party like?

It was great. The house was decorated very well, there were lots of extravagant costumes and Wes and his wife Heather are really fun and nice.

What is your favorite horror movie of all time?

When a Stranger Calls Again.

What is your favorite kind of doughnut?

French.

Nate Denver's Neck will be playing here as soon as we invite him back.

11 February



THE PETER PARKERS

By Jason Grimm
Photos by Nicole Legault

Back in 1999 my girlfriend and I moved to Halifax for a year. Nice town but kind of a slow lifestyle. If you know what I mean. We drank a lot because there was nothing else to do and we really liked to drink a lot. We used to get really excited when The Peter Parkers from Moncton, New Brunswick would come to town and saw them about five times that year. Back then they had way more of a 501st feel to them and each show was better than the last. Their singer Remi was always so sweetly after each show. He reminded me of a bus driver. Not that bus drivers are sweeties...

Last summer, the Nasty On got to play with them in Saint John, NB. They were so-o-o-o good. Nasty and all over the place.

Anyway, I got a copy of *This Is Silty Music*, their debut full-length, in the mail around Christmas and was quite impressed. That's how this interview happened... I am not fucking around. I liked the album and then set up the interview, just like that. Things like that can happen, believe you me.

What are your names, what do you play?

Remi Cormier (guitar, voice, keys, bass), Stephane Doucet (bass, keys, guitar), Erol Girvan (the scene, guitar, drums, bass), Cameron Murphy (drums like a mofo, voice, guitar, bass), Chasly Alward (voice, keys, bass).

How long have you guys been together? Any other releases?

Remi: Since September 1995. Me and Stephane started up the band our last year of university. Erol joined in late '96 early '97 and Cameron joined sometime in '99. Chasly has appeared on virtually every Peter Parker recording since our "Evolve Or Get Kicked Out Of The Continuum" 7" that came out in '97 on Sappy Records. Chas officially joined the fold in late 2001, early 2002. Our first full length tape was called *Playing the Field*. We've had a few compilation releases and a few EPs: *The Urchin* EP and *The Toledo Chapter* EP.

I hear some MBV, Spiritualized and Swervedriver in your music. What are some bands you consider influential?

Remi: So many... Fred Neil, Billy Nicholls, Van Morrison and Skip Spence, MC5, 13th Floor Elevators, The Jesus and Mary Chain, Blonde Redhead, Mercury Rev and Swervedriver. Sometimes the actual history of our band is an influence.

Cameron: ...Pixies, Mark Gaudel, Primal Scream, GBV, Sebadoh, The Tan Hill Weavers and Flaming Lips...

What shit are you listening to now?

12 discorder.

Chasly: ...Yo La Tengo, Bright Eyes, Papas Fritas (makes me feel young).

Remi: The Pretty Things. Lately though...Baxter Dury, Luna, The Nasty On, The Organizers (from Saint John, NB), Test Tone Channel (Moncton, NB), The Burdocks (Halifax, NS), Radio 4, The Rapture, Liar, Onaida, Josh Rouse. I'm really kickin' the snail out of my Thrills CD. Rex, Scott Walker, The Band, Simply Saucer, Califone, Knife in the Water, the Monkees re-issue of *Head*, VU, Bruce Springsteen. That's just a few.

Cameron: The best of Uncut 2003 CD...Hamel On Trial(track 1) and the Westerburg Tune (track 4) "Blow my hair back." As well, as always, The Cure. And lately The Flying Burrito Brothers, CCR, Fre Neil, Primal Scream and the Pale Marys *Intimate* and *Interactive*.

Don't most of you live in the same house? Tell me a bit about this place.

Remi: At the moment, it is just me and Stephane, but at one time four of us were living here. It's Rick and Tara's (Elevator) old place. Our landlord is Larry — Tara's dad — a super nice guy who gives us a sweet deal for a home and jam spot. We have been living together on and off as a band for the last nine years or so. Sometimes two, three or four of us. It's not for everyone. Some friends of ours from Ottawa that used to be in the Wooden Stars told us they tried it once for a few months and they were nearly at each other's throats. We have just been lucky I guess. We don't mind.

This is *Silty Music* is a great album. The use of piano and banjo is really nice. Tell me about the recording of the album.

Chasly: Good times...sometimes I wanted to kick Erol's bum though. Remi: We recorded it little by little over the course of a year and a half. Hardly any stress and the guy who recorded it, Kyle McDonald, was a real patient man. It was a lot of fun. We kept adding stuff to the recording as ideas came in. I really like the backdrop of the album. It felt like we were really able to get a lot of our ideas out this time around. Kyle really dug the music which made it easy to do and redo stuff. He was just as excited with the making of the album as we were.

Who writes the songs?

Chasly: Remi is our main writer... the root of all the madness, one could say. That being said I think everyone has creative freedom and has a say in whatever is done.

Remi: Most songs start out as an individual idea. It is usually pretty loosely structured by the time it is brought to the jam room. We all

work at it together to complete the song. Some songs are written with little input from other members. I kinda prefer both methods as it makes for more songs in less time, [but] everyone feels the satisfaction of being creative within their own parts. The end result of the song is usually dictated by the person who first came up with the original idea. We switch around on instruments a lot because we just prefer that everybody gets a chance to express themselves. Not everyone works at the same pace. This is probably why we have lasted so long with so little fame and fortune. It makes for a slower turn around on stage (we are getting quicker) but, ultimately, it is in the best interest of the members of the band and hence in the best interests of the lovely folks that buy our music and come see us live.

What are your day jobs?

Chasly: I'm a team leader at a call center. This is Moncton...did you really have to ask?

Remi: If I told you, I'd have to kill you. All I can say is the following: My job is so much fun that sometimes I think that I should be paying X amount/hour to work there. All my friends are envious of me for working there. It's a really, really good job. Erol is a graphic designer and Stephane works at the same great place as me.

Cameron: I am your friendly neighborhood low truck dispatcher man. I pee with my hands on my hips.

What's like living in Moncton? Favorite local bands? Where do you usually play?

Chasly: It's pretty cold right now....

Remi: Living in Moncton has its ups and downs especially when it comes to playing music. Over all, I'm glad we live here. Rent is cheap and we get to play shows once in a while. More and more bands from afar are making their way once again to the city. My fav local acts... Test Tone Channel, Heimlich, Posture, The Mean, Mario Poupette and the Chevrettes, The Pale Marys, The Feedback Scars, Hope, Iron Giant, The Dead Fucks. I went to see Earth A.D. last night... amazing! Tons more that will come to mind 30 seconds after I send this off. We are really lucky to have all the talented people we do in this city. We have a lot of great visual artists in Moncton as well. We usually play at Doc's, the Paramount and the Manhattan.

Cameron: Monkey town can be a hard go. I can toss your salad right out of the bowl. The winter is abundant, love the Acadians, the fall, glorious. Good hash, cheap rent in drafty old houses. The minimum wage is the pits (third world). Call center saved my ass. People here are like friendly strangers. It's the most unique place I have ever lived in. Haunted and twisted, and makes for good art. I have to say I am most definitely a lot better for having met the three other guys and the lady. They are gems. They save me time and time



again. That's all I have to say. See you tonight. Love C.

The second to last time I visited Moncton I got to see Mark Gaudel [ex-Eric's Trip, Elevator] do a solo show at 53rd and 3rd. It was a pretty fucked up experience, very overwhelming with him pounding away at the drums while singing along with lopes he was playing with a ghetto blaster. He covered "Outlaw" by The Cult that night. He's pretty awesome. Are there any other "hometown legends" that play Moncton regularly?

Chasity: Julie Daron-Clayton...although she doesn't play regularly. It's great when she does.

Remi: Yes, bless their little hearts. Julie and Elevator and all other affiliated bands do make it down at least once or twice a year to grace us with wonderful performances. It is really nice to see. Especially for someone like Julie, who does her fair share of touring outside of Canada.

Tell me the "Jason Pierce" story.

Remi: Long story short. We thought it would be cool to make some T-shirts exactly like that Spacemen 3 T-shirt that says "For All The Fucked Up Children Of This World" except replace Spacemen 3 with The Peter Parkers. You have to understand that only seven or eight were made at the time. Anyway, our friend, Mark, who was booking Spiritualized in Toronto, was cooking up a BBQ meal for the band before their show that night while wearing a T-shirt we had given to him as a gift. Well, Jason noticed the T-shirt and was pretty surprised to see it. He didn't know what the hell was going on! Who are these guys? Are they from? Where the hell is Moncton NB? How the hell! What the Christ!!! He actually asked Mark if he should sue us! Luckily, Mark explained that it was all pretty harmless and it was more an homage to the anything else. The fact that Mark was laughing about the whole situation no doubt helped defuse it. After he understood I think he felt flattered so he gave Mark a Spiritualized T-shirt to give to us. It is a little too large but it's the gesture that counts.

In Vancouver there is a tendency for bands to smoke a lot of pot. Unfortunately, there are also a lot of funk bands. Do you have that problem in Moncton? Do you guys use "jazz cigarettes" for inspiration? Are any of you "Jib Rats"?

Chasity: I don't know what jib rats are but if they are anything like the rats in Detroit you keep them to yourself...but yeah, we get stoned. **Remi:** We have a lot of jam bands in the area. I wish we had more funk bands. Luckily, the "VERY FEW" good ones persist and the "not so good ones" pack it in after they realize that they DON'T get showered with joints on stage by adoring fans and get laid 15 times a night. It makes me wanna ditch my wah wah pedal and I love

my wah wah pedal. Cam told me a really funny happening while partying with a jam band one night but it's unfortunately too long for this interview. You really had to be there to appreciate what goes on upstairs with some of these folks.

You're all pretty attractive. Do you "make it work on the weekend"? Who does your hair?

Chasity: Erol does most of the work; with Remi coming in a solid second lately...ha ha...as for the hair thing, Remi was born with "special hair" that only I can cut...and I usually give Erol a yearly trim...Cam actually goes to a professional and Steph, well, not much going on. I cut my own but I may have recently found another woman who I trust with scissors to my head.

My uncle once gave me a T-shirt that said "I caught crabs in P.E.I." Three things were strange about this: 1) I was 12 at the time. 2) There was a picture of a lobster trap on the shirt, which I don't believe is used to catch crabs. And 3) PEI doesn't really have a crabbing industry, does it? Do you guys ever play in PEI? How far do your tours take you? Do you think you will ever make it to the west coast?

Remi: Man, if I had a dime for every time I've been asked that crab question, I'll tell you what I tell the rest of the lot: if they (PEI) don't have a crabbing industry, they should really consider getting one. I've heard great things about it. Crabs lead to a crabbing season which in turn leads to jobs, export, commerce, burning down government buildings and, finally, really goofy T-shirts for your relatives to wear and buy as shitty Christmas presents for the rest of kin. Everyone wins...except the crabs of course. Sure, we've played wonderful PEI once or twice: both times in Charlottetown. The furthest west we have ever gone is Windsor, ON. We certainly hope to make it out west some day. I think it would be a lot of fun. Financially, it is such a leap to go that far but almost everyone that we know that plays in a band from here to Ontario has done it, so I don't see why we couldn't.

How much of your set list is derived from older recorded songs? Do you still play songs you played three years ago? How much do you play that is newer and unrecorded? Do you usually stick to a set list or do you play whatever you feel at that moment?

Remi: Very few old songs make it to new set lists. No particular reason. I think we kinda think of it as looking to the future. I believed the oldest song we played was "Somatic," written in 1998, but that one has been off the set list since 2002. We play new unfinished, unrecorded songs quite a bit. It takes me forever to write the lyrics so it would take us forever to play them. I just make up words as we go

at times and mixed them in with places in the songs where I do have a few lines written. We often play without a set list but usually have an idea what we are doing.

Upcoming tours? Upcoming albums? New songs?

Remi: The Maritimes in May, Ontario/Quebec in September. We would like to start recording again after our May tour. New songs, as quick as we can pop 'em out. We like to have new material for our sets as often as possible. People notice and we love that they do. Me and Chas are doing a little acoustic thing called The Colonial Quarrels. It's a mix of gospel, protest and love songs and is a nice change from The Peter Parkers. Peter Parkers songs can sometimes take a while to write while CQ stuff comes a lot quicker. It is a simpler writing process.

You sound pretty content. Any lowpoints in your career so far?

Remi: Yeah, sharing a stage with Nickelback and some bunch of freaks from Australia called Crash Palace...Crash is right; Pilot to Gunner! We got double booked with them. It was right before Nickelback got really huge. Getting into occasional fights with each other sucks pretty bad too, but we always seem to work it out. It is to be expected in nine years.

Mark from The Cinch visited Moncton a couple of years ago. While there he went to Magnétic Hill (a Moncton tourist trap that involves an optical illusion where you sit in your car and it seems like you're being pulled uphill when you're really gliding downhill) and came back a changed man. He will not talk about it. What goes on there, will you break the silence?

Remi: I think it is all in the water. This city is built on a swamp or heap of garbage or something like that. I have been here almost 13 years and I still can't figure out the vibe. If it's not dirty old man tryin' to pick you up at Victoria Park while you are walking home. It's some guy pullin' a Ginsu on ya while bein' whopped out on PCP. This place is now a part of us and does affect the music we create, hence the title of the album. I've actually have done the Magnétic Hill thing a few times; usually with friends in bands from out of town. I don't make the recommendation either! You guys all know about it...sorta sick if you ask me! We still love ya coming down to visit us, though. I'm glad that it does have some weird sort of allure to outsiders. Everybody always says how friendly they find people from Moncton while on tour. I say "Thank God the city where you're from is even more jaded than here." Our album is a product of being in Moncton for too long. The funny thing is that we are not going anywhere anytime soon.

For more info, check out www.thepeterparkers.com

13 February



Photos by Mitchell Meyne

by Dave Gwilliam

It was early November of 2003, when Ben Lai, the ever-enlightening organiser of CTR's annual battle of the bands — SHINDIG — approached me with a brief description of the first "hip-hop" band to enter the competition. The Front, he told me, was a collective of local Vancouver musicians with a unique approach to urban sound. His review left me wanting to know more, and within a week or so I had the opportunity to watch them in action in the semi-finals.

I was left awestruck. Observing The Front, I witnessed the superior fusion of hip-hop and funk. As Dr. Dre and the Neptunes, to name a few, progressively refine the genre with invigorating production, the raw essence of hip-hop seems to be fading. In a world of marketing hype and big booty, The Front offers a refreshing new outlook on what music, especially hip-hop, can be. The passion and commitment is outwardly evident when watching the collective perform, but beyond that there lies a strong devotion to rockin' a party.

While many of the SHINDIG performers and observers were surprised to see such a different sound enter the competition, what was more surprising was the frenzy that erupted in the crowd when they came on stage. The Railway Club was thumping, and the crowd filled out, bewildered. The Front was good, and despite the long-standing emphasis on indie rock at SHINDIG, there was no room for frontin'.

In early December the final competitors showed down with all the flair and creativity they could muster... in the end The Front emerged victorious. Feeling surprised, but blessed, the band was very appreciative of what the journey had given them. It was probably one of the most challenging experiences they had encountered as a young band. In retrospect, I realise that I was instantly a fan... finally I could bob my head, and shake somethin' with my girlfriend. Now understand that no one in the band has been shot nine times and there are no child molestation charges pending, as individuals they are grounded and sincere which manifests itself in their music. The sound is unique and their stage presence is powerful. Sit down and chat with Alan, Benjamin, Chris, Jarrett or Jess and you will instantly bear witness to the passion for music that runs constantly through their blood.

It was roughly a month later, on an overcast day in Vancouver [editor's note: Overcast? Vancouver?!!] when the members of The Front arrived on the UBC campus to chat.

Welcome all to CTR. The Front is in the house — please introduce yourselves.

Front: Benjamin Arce, vocals; Jarrett Martineau, vocals; Allan Oliviere, keyboards; Chris von Szombathy, bass; and Jess Conn-Potegal, drums.

For those who are unfamiliar with the band, could you describe your sound?

Chris: Well, recently a few reviews have compared us to The Roots, but aside from the live accompaniment, I'm not so sure we're that alike.

Jarrett: Yeah, I've also read we're like a local Spearhead, or a Jurassic 5 sound, but these come from people that seem unfamiliar with the genre. You know it's cool, but we don't really feel it that way. The range of sound tends to go beyond a strictly hip-hop label.

Jess: I think that it's a very unique sound due to the diversity found in each member's background. Everyone's individual repertoire contributes to give the music a very innovative feel.

Chris: We all have our influences, [for me] groups like Kraftwerk, etc.

Jarrett: Yeah, the first night of SHINDIG, people seemed surprised to see me wearing a Modest Mouse T-shirt.

Ben: I've always been very strongly influenced by hip-hop, funk and soul, so amalgamating musical tastes seems appropriate.

Chris: I play with other free jazz groups, one in particular called Jazz for Robots, but this is my first venture into the realm of hip-hop.

But I don't feel comfortable labeling you guys as a hip-hop group...

Jess: With a ten year history as a DJ playing dance music, I try to approach the drums in a dance-oriented kind of way, as opposed to a break beat or house. It has seeped into my soul. I shoot to supply a dance groove, but at a tempo that allows Ben and Jarrett to rap... beats that will get your head nodding and your ass shaking.

Allan: My personal background with gospel music creates a soulful sound to the music as well.

Jarrett: I really feel our music can appeal to a wide audience. At one

of our shows an older woman of about 75 approached me in a very complimentary way... "I love your music... and... could you guys play at my birthday party!"

Well, I think it transcends a few boundaries... let's not confine you guys to the limitations of hip-hop. What was the initial experience like, coming together and forging your sound?

Jarrett: Ben and I had known each other for a while, performing with an unofficial collective of hip-hop artists called The Lost Tribes of the Sun, but we weren't really a group... more like a cross-national connection, with everyone working towards fulfilling their aspirations. But this was a more traditional hip-hop crew and Ben and I both expressed interest in performing with a live accompaniment.

Ben: I knew Allan and Jarrett knew Chris, and so in April of 2002, we went looking for a recording space to experiment. We knew Jess had a studio, so it was a very natural occurrence.

Jess: We had talked about doing something funky, but had left the idea alone for a while. When we finally all came together it was a pretty amazing experience. Allan starting in on the keys, then Chris rolled with a smooth beat, and I picked it up from them. Ben and Jarrett literally just jumped in on the rhythm. On that first day we probably laid down two or three tracks.

That's very cool, to just rip into it like that...

Chris: We had all been doing our own thing, working to constantly better our skills. When it came time to groove, it seemed very easy and professional, each member supplying a sound technical understanding. It made us very confident in our ability.

Being dubbed a hip-hop group brings many connotations. Even more so when you are called "The Front," can you elaborate on the name?

Jarrett: The hip-hop connotations of the word definitely play out as a part of joke. Everything about our style is very real... The music is very up front and in your face, but it can also be very laid back depending on the situation.

Ben: When I heard it I immediately thought of the hip-hop feel, like the opposite of real. But what we produce is anything but that.

Chris: But of course it is an elaborate front to fund our excessive coke habits...



With hordes of aspiring independent musicians seeking exposure, can you describe the SHINDIG experience?

Jarett: SHINDIG was awesome. I still can't believe we won. After reading a little ad in the *Georgia Straight* that seemed to call out for a hip-hop band, we thought, fuck it, why not... We were just going to run with it, even if we could make a good impression we weren't sure if that would be enough to carry us through.

Chris: I knew a lot of the other musicians and we all had a great time battling it out. Everyone was very supportive. We were interested in having fun, and testing out something in front of a live audience.

Jarett: We weren't thinking that it was like, "Oh, they don't want us there, so we'll have to prove something." I felt there was a great camaraderie between the bands... It was more the media that created the indie rock vs. hip-hop thing.

Jess: It was just great to be able to perform with the range of competitors that SHINDIG brings out. It is not that often that we will appear on a bill with such a wide variety of musical sounds.

Allan: I felt we thrived during the competition. Personally, I am very competitive so it was loving the battle aspect of it. I felt it took our performing to a higher level.

Ben: We are pretty familiar with the limits of the hip-hop community, so this was less of a traditional rap battle, which was perfect because it allowed us to display all sorts of things and experiment on the spot. We were totally feeding off the crowd reaction.

Jarett: We aren't pretending to be all things to all people, but we also don't want to be one thing for only one crowd. SHINDIG's crowd and judging panel was so diverse that we take the win as a huge compliment.

I noticed a lot of UBC students in the crowd... Did you know you had a following on campus?

Allan: Everyone was great, and it came as a surprise; lots of party people ready to get down with us. I really feel the energy of the atmosphere fueled us a lot.

Ben: This is where hip-hop seems to influence us the most... We definitely want to ensure that the crowd is feeling us.

Jess: We also want to connect with the audience. That's why the name is funny, because we're really not fronting, just genuine guys getting funky.

The forthcoming album, *Signs of Life*, sounds great. Can you describe the transition from the stage to the studio?

Ben: It was definitely a challenge. Sometimes you get used to hearing things over and over again, but with a live band it seems much more intimate. What's cool is that each song reflects the diverse character of the band.

Jess: There were some trials and tribulations, as this was a first time for many to actually record in a proper studio, you know... time is money! Blue Wave was so helpful, and most of the tracks were done without any looping and limited editing. It was such a fertile ground to foster creativity; many of the songs were arranged in a sort of live performance style.

Allan: I like to think its one of those albums that you can listen to over and over again and hear something new every time.

A quick read of the album indicates that religion and family play a large part in your creative process. Describe that influence for us.

Ben: Family plays a huge part. All our families are very supportive. Our parents have given us the opportunity to experiment and with each family having a distinct background, musically and culturally, we have developed a strong respect for diversity.

Jess: My family has always been supportive, to the point where they used to come out to raves to watch me spin...

Allan: My family was always perceived as a Jackson Five. My parents raised me with a love for gospel music. Our evangelical background influences my life a great deal. The emotion and passion around the church community inspires me.

Ben: If we ever have beef with one another, it's like a divine drive that pushes us to check our shit at the studio door. We all know what we are here to do, so when it is time, we don't mess around; when we leave the studio it's nothing but love.

With the independent music scene being so competitive, CITR's music director — Luke Meat — wants to know what keeps the front from

sucking?

Ben: One thing, that is fairly common, is our devotion to the music. It comes first. It's a desire to perform at the highest level, when the band is together, there is no room for nonsense... just a pure love of the art.

Jess: I feel we approach our music very openly, taking everyone's influences into consideration. Maybe it's that optimism that allows our creativity to explode.

Chris: Because we are all so different individually, and represent a wide variety of musicians, we don't allow each other to get too deep into our respective clichés, without a strong smack to the head... Keeping one another in check, while not inhibiting anything.

The word "panties" is thrown around a lot these days. What are your feelings on its usage?

Jess: I happen to like that word very much.

Chris: I can't say that I do like that word... I would prefer if "panties" weren't even involved.

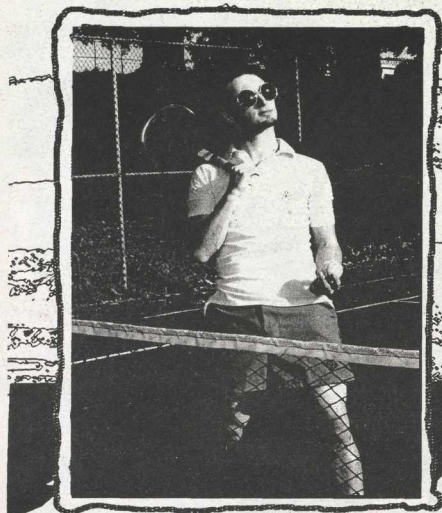
In the legendary mud-wrestling showdown between Neil Carter and Wheezie, who would reign victorious? [editor's note: huh?]

All: Neil would definitely take all!

The Front's CD release is at the Piccadilly Pub on February 9. The Front will perform with Josh Martinez.



15 February



by Jennifer Wong

Josh Martinez is a friendly, rambunctious, intelligent "underground" MC who's just trying to make a life in this business called music. He tours non-stop around the world, most of his time is spent between his new home in East Van and on planes, tour vans and hotels across the continent and abroad.

With an almost cult like following in Canada, and respect and recognition all around the world, through his collaborations with virtually every established underground hip-hop artist on the continent, Josh Martinez is a force to be reckoned with. His new album, released on his newly founded home grown label, Come Bear Records, is in heavy rotation right now on college radio stations across the country. The album, appropriately titled *Buck Up Princess*, is a bluesy musical mish-mashed step up for Josh, a culmination of years on the road and the basic message to "stop whining and get on with life." Working with well known producers, guest artists, long time friends and a whole slew of drunken Hallifonian miscreants (DJ Moves, Awol One, McEnroe, Scratch Bastard, Wes Bonifay and Maker among others), this record is the next generation of rap music done straight up and guaranteed to make you stop and think twice. DISORDER had the chance to sit down with Josh (not his real name) in his neighborhood on the Drive recently to talk about music, subversive humour, his new record label and all the things that make him tick. The interview was conducted in the frigid rain on a hangover Sunday, wedged between chain locked metal furniture on the patio of Cafe Roma, who chose to play Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get It On" as the soundtrack to our talkative escapade. How appropriate.

So you've just come back from tour. You were in the states, right?

Yeah, we just got back a few weeks ago. At the end of November, we were in California, Colorado, and then we went down to the fun states, Mexico and Arizona.

How do you like America? As a Canadian, do you ever have any problems? I hear you're actually banned in two states?

Yeah (laughs), it's a good question. I don't usually have any problems: it's a fun time. And yeah, I'm in trouble in Texas and Indiana. Not banned, per se, just arrest warrants. But I still go to Texas, for some reason.

And what kind of response do you get over there, from the Americans?

You know, it's weird. I get a really mixed response, especially in the southern states. There are weird pockets. I'll never quite understand it—in California, Southern California. I can draw like, a thousand people

in one night, or we'll do 4 shows in the Los Angeles and sell them all out—and I mean, I just sit there and think "you've got to be joking!" There are more people down in Southern California than there is in most of Canada! It's very funny, I don't know why. I guess it's partly the internet but it's also maybe because I've been touring relentlessly in new places. We get a good response.

Yeah, you do tour a lot: most of the year, right? And as for the internet, you have a bit of a love/hate relationship with the internet, don't you? You've been known to say that you don't like the internet or whatever else, but at the same time, you and other underground artists need that outlet to be able to get your music out.

Absolutely. The internet is how I got out there. There's no question. I would blame or praise the internet endlessly because it's changed the way music is delivered or how people get their music.

So what do you think about downloading?

Well, I support it. I do it myself, relentlessly. It's terrible! I mean, I know it's wrong. If you include me in the research with people who've stopped buying CDs: yeah I'm one of them. Maybe not so much now because I get access to the CDs I want because my friends make them or whatever but also, the bottom line is that I've been broke for so long it's just... well, A: it's no excuse and B: it's just a good reason to get a lot of good music.

So what about you, on the flip side, as an artist, trying to make money. What do you do when you're trying to pay rent and you have kids coming up and saying, "I haven't ever bought a record off you but I have all your mp3s!" How does that make you feel?

(laughs) I love to get that. I hear that more than enough, to be honest. I mean, sometimes you wanna square off and say, "hey you fuck, this is how I live, pay up!" but I mean, there's a difference these days. People my age [26], we saw life before the internet and grew up with cassette tapes and all that shit, you could tape over stuff and make mix tapes but you could never mass produce in a way that you can now. Today you can burn a CD in two seconds and you can get it from anywhere in the world, every song ever made, anywhere, by anyone. That doesn't make digging any more interesting: it fakes the mystery out of it. We come from a generation that just finished digging, kids that come out now don't have to look, their whole musical experience has been typing in an artist or song title in a white box and getting all the music. It's like an automatic subscription.

And you know, that's why when people like myself suddenly get a following, I get to go places I've never been before and people know all my songs and that's absolutely terrifying. And it's good too, I guess.

It's a weapon, something that can be used for good and for evil, and I really am trying to take an active interest in making what I say not just come from someone throwing words around but from some honest, positive observation—whether it's funny or dirty or whatever. It's just putting it out there so that when people are repeating it: it's something that's worth repeating. I'm not an ideologue anymore, I'm not like "fuck pop culture" anymore—I love the new Jay-Z, it's fun and listenable. I mean, I can't hate on things like this anymore, it's life, our reality.

What are the last five songs that you downloaded?

Lately, I've been into two very exclusive kinds of music. I've been listening to a lot of doo-wop, a lot of 1955 early rock 'n' roll, very minimal and with such beautiful harmonies. Also, '70s space and psyche rock. It's all really new to me. *Stuff like The Seeds, 13th Floor Elevators, Sonics* and the doo-wop with the Infatulators, The Cadillacs and on and on. I use the internet to research because I'm trying to learn as much as I can—the new album is a bit bluesy, it's a bit rock, these days I'm diving towards new kinds of music. There's nothing really new anymore, as far as "original" original: everything's just a fusion of something else and that's why The White Stripes are really neat, or The Strokes, suddenly they came up as fusion of a bunch of these different things that just resurfaced in a different make up and whom, you have this new kind of music. I'm just trying to push to make rap music. I do like rap; I like using words that are phonetically pleasing.

Do you still listen to a lot of hip-hop? (Reference to the original version of the "Nightmares" on his new album, where one line reads, "I don't even listen to hip-hop, really, I listen to reggae..."—later edited in the *Buck Up Princess* version.) A lot of hip-hop artists these days are saying "I don't listen to hip-hop anymore, hip-hop's dead and gone, the stuff that's coming out now isn't worth listening to. A lot of hip-hop artists say they're listening to blues or rock, going back to different genres"

Well, you know, you've got to change. I mean, as a human, you're just growing. With hip-hop, it blew my mind for ten years and gave me things that culturally made me what I am right now. Hip-hop, to me, is raw energy whereas a lot of other music is refined energy, more emotional. If you listen to a rock song, it's often a lot more charged up, the melodies are in there and they grab you at a place where just words don't. You've got a beat, you've got words, and then you've got a "joiner" in the beats and words, the glue, which essentially is music. I like a lot of kinds of music, inevitably you have to listen to other kinds of music as you grow up or else you're just a punk. Life doesn't stop when you're 18 or in my case, 26, although I'm 23 for life: I've been 23 for years! Since I was 21 years old, I've told people I'm



23. It's the ultimate age.

So what happens when you're 30?

Oh man, when I'm 30? Botox maybe, time to stop boozing, stop floating, stop having those late nights [laughs]. No more carrying on in foreign cities and the local riffs.

You have a lot of friends here from Halifax now, a whole crew of people working together and living together. I notice that most of the people involved with your album are people you've known for years and people who you've been working with for years. Is it a Halifax connection, something you're doing on purpose to keep everything together, or is it just coincidence?

Ah yeah, the Halifax crew. We're a bit of a cult, really. I've been unbelievably lucky my whole life. Since I was in high school, I've been surrounded by my best friends, who are still now making life advancements, making artistic movements. Growing up, everyone was hilarious, we were into music and culture and making things - interesting and everyone had their own separate little hustle, you had an actor or a juggler or DJs up the ying yang. Everyone makes this, that and the other thing, and I was and am just blessed with the fact that my closest friends are also the most talented people who exist. I've been all around the world, I've been lots of places and I've ended up realising that my closest friends and the people I work with are still here; I've never had to look anywhere else. Halifax is so amazing and talented, for some reason. A little blip on the radar, you know?

Was it a conscious, collective decision for y'all to move out here or did it happen in stages?

Oh no, it's been going on in stages and it's still going. People have come out for a week, moved here, stayed for a while, went home - it's hard to make it out here and it's real expensive. None of us are skilled in an employable trade, we're all artists, knuckleheads, boozers and professional miscreants, and there isn't really an employable man in the group 'cos we're all too nuts! All of us hustle and work so hard but having to create your own hustle means it takes a long time to pay up.

Halifax has had a lot of talent out of it, a lot of the Canadian content we're seeing is coming out of the East Coast. Why do you think that is?

Well, if you want to track it back—the US underground college rap scene, the part that split into Anticon and then def' ju, those are essentially the same thing, which is "nerd rap," as far as everyone else was concerned—when it first started, [it] started in Halifax.

And how about your associations with Anticon? Is that done and was it a good experience?

On a musical level, yeah, we're done. I think we are different humans, geographically and whatever. Also, association-wise, it was getting to be a huge burden to be a part of Anticon. I wasn't feeling, necessarily, the politics, but more so, I wasn't feeling the back lash that comes with being attached to Anticon. It's a stigma that Anticon has, that this is "nerd rap" or "white boy rap," and if there's one thing I've always explained is that I don't listen to white boy music; I make soul music and that's the music that grabs me. Whether or not it's white boys making it, I mean, you've got blues and '70s and jazz, and the soul isn't race-related. White boy rap, by stereotype, it's un-rhythmic, it's whiny, I don't come up that way. I come up with rhythm being critical. You can't get away with having a crappy flow and everyone worked really hard—there were two generations—the first one was Buck 65, Sixtoo, Moves and Gordski, who are the old guys, and then it evolved and came up to me, Kunga 219, Talich and Scratch Bastard, who's amazing and was just here recently—I guess people are still finding out that being a businessman and being an artist are two different things.

Speaking of being a businessman, you've just started a new label—you were involved with Low Pressure and now you've established Camoëcar. How's that coming along?

It's a better fit now. Low Pressure was great, I mean, we all lived together and had an amazing time and made amazing records and we're still friends right now as a result of not being in a record label together. I mean, we lived together and were all friends. It was just hard and too many things involved and it ended up being too much of a conflict. We figured, why do this way?

Anyways, we've got two Factor grants in the fall, which is hopefully going to be the beginning of a long and fruitful association with Factor and getting money for free. We take what we can get; we're not running a record label for four years on no money. It's going to be interesting to see what we could do WITH money. It's starting to come up. To be honest, we're a force to be reckoned with before we even do anything substantial [sic]—we're sitting on something that's valuable for everyone; it's partly mutual self-interest.

Camoëcar is a bit funny, because at least originally it's hedging at least a bit on my personal success and the success of my record, because that'll bring about opportunities to the collective and brings up a bit of credibility as well. At the same time, we don't want it to be just my label. I mean, I want it to be a label where I put my music out but I also, I want to have artists, and to that extent, we have

Kia Kadiiri, Awol One, The Goods, Kunga 219—who has an incredible album he's about to drop—the Pissed Off Wilds album, Sirens Echo, which is two ladies out of Portland, Oregon who have the hottest shit ever, they haven't even met Kia yet and when they do, it's gonna be an explosion of ladies who can make good rap, powerful, musical, all that stuff. And yeah, after putting through all that we can move into other stuff, rock, hipbilly, I don't care. I just want music that's interesting and different. Once we get started, there's no limit to what we can do as far as musical direction. If we can prove that we can make music go and get it where it has to go, then the possibilities are endless.

Do you take yourself very seriously?

Yeah, you know, I do. Very seriously. I think humour is the most serious thing you could ever talk about. I've seen people use humour as a weapon and I use it very much in the same way. I like to laugh a lot and I don't like being told what to do—if you can make me laugh and tell me something, I'll listen. You can tick me with humour, and I like being ticked, that's the magic of it. Humour is a way to slip in so many messages, and that's what I'm real serious about. Subversive humour in the sense that it's being used against us in everything all the time: advertisements, the media, everything—it's all designed to boil you down to a receptor or whatever and if you can work against it—use the rules of advertising against itself—then you promote positive messages inside of appealing content, bright colours and the musical journeys.

Alright. We're wrapping things up. Why don't you tell me a quick story, something for the kids back home!

[Laughs] A story! OK, great. What can I tell you? Probably anything! OK, I'll tell you about our failed investors, ha ha. I would name names but I don't even know them at this point. I'll just give pseudonyms. One is a porn star, one is Charlie the Chicago Drug Lord—he's not really a drug lord, just some guy who lives in rural Illinois who was really into underground hip rap, came out to see a few of our shows in Chicago and got real close to us, said he was gonna give us...

Josh trails off at this point; a patron from inside the restraint comes and sits down with us to offer some of 8C's finest. The story has no ending; he makes it clear he's not someone who's looking to finish his chapter. With a new album, new record and a full year of four dates and new opportunities, Josh Martinez has established himself as an artist who'll be here long enough for a million stories over.

Josh Martinez plays with The Front at their CD release party, February 9 at the Piccadilly Pub.

(7 February)

For months I was intrigued by Raking Bombs' name on gig posters. When I finally heard their record, the barely filled. You are the Resilience, unlike 001100110. I knew I had been interested for good reason. It instantly reminded me of Ex-Moels. Lead vocalist Tome whispers, shrieks, begs and pleads, his voice inescapably intense. Jason's powerful jazz/death-metal drumming anchors guitars that alternate between precise technicality and deafening feedback. Dave's bass playing is both melodic and insistent with programming providing texture throughout. Raking Bombs' sound is incredibly original: it's post-punk with soul. So for the boys seem to be on the up and up. They toured Western Canada this past summer, and have played with the Blood Brothers and Red Light Sling, among others. I was lucky enough to have Raking Bombs over to my house for an evening. We talked about Björk, university, the government and, eventually, their band.

DISORDER: OK, so who's the leader of the band?

Raking Bombs: [laughter then stunned silence]

Yeah, it's a trick question.

Tome: It's a collective.

Dave: Each person does their part.

Jason: And each person has an equal say in the direction of the music.

So how do you feel that this collective outlook influences your sound?
Jason: Well, someone will come in with an idea, and we'll each add our individual perspectives. So this communal sense comes together to create the final product... as much as I hate to use that word.

Wait a sec, aren't you guys all total capitalists? You just got into this to make money, right?

Raking Bombs: [laughter] Yeah, for sure...

Now one thing that keeps coming up is that Jason comes from a different background than the rest of you guys.

Luke: Well, I think that's because us three have all known each other for about two years, a bit longer than Jason, so we all have been influencing each other for a while now.

Tome: Me, Luke and Dave have been together for a while now and been influencing each other and growing from each other. Jason is new, and he's added a very new, interesting and amazing spark.

So you feel now is Raking Bombs' moment in time.

Luke: Well Raking Bombs wasn't Raking Bombs before.

Jason: It was The Raking Bombs. [laughter]

Dave: When Jason joined the band, with this jazz and death metal background, he had a different perspective on what songs should look like. So us three had been playing together and influencing each other for three years, and then he came in and just messed it all up.

Tome: He has, in a sense, completed an unholy unit. And I mean "wholey," with the "wh."

Now you realize that that's the title of the article... [laughter] So why the name Raking Bombs?

Jason: Its open to interpretation.

Kind of esoteric? I know that's not the right word. But there's a word that sounds like "esoteric" that meant it has multiple meanings, that it can mean different things to different people.

Tome: Yeah, it's not esoteric, esoteric means its kind of available to only a limited group of people...

Well, I would say your music is kind of esoteric as well, in the sense that you have a really different sound, its not easy music to listen to. Its very challenging. Do you see your music that way?

Dave: When I listen to our music I hear all the other music we listen to. We all listen to such a wide variety of stuff that I think we have a pretty good knowledge of certain areas. People that listen to our music might like it right away, but other people it might take a bit more time...

Who do you think are the main groups that have influenced you?

Raking Bombs: Pink Floyd, Drive Like Jehu, Fugazi, Hella, Nation of Ulysses, Lightning Bolt...

Jason: Ummm...

Dave: Well, except for you...

Jason: Yeah, I don't care for much of that stuff.

Luke: Shut the fuck up. [laughter]

You guys are so cute. Usually in interviews one person will just take over and do all the talking, but you guys are all waiting for each other to speak and encouraging each other.

Luke: Well we're all nice guys.

Jason: Except for Luke, he's a prick. No seriously, he is! He broke my cymbal stand! Twice! Then he laughed at me.

Was he freaked out during a show or something?

Jason: Yeah he kicked it, and almost took my head off too.



So how would you guys describe your live show?

Luke: It's hard to say because it's such a blur. Being lost in the excitement of something as amazing as music is just so...

Dave: I never remember anything. People will be like, "Hey, did you see what Tome did?" And they're like, "But he was right next to you, swinging his microphone around!" But I have no idea. I'm just in this zone, and everything is a blur.

Tome: I think it's representative of our music, in the sense that...Ah, I keep saying, "In the sense that..."

Don't worry, I'll edit it out. [secretly planning not to edit it out]

Luke: It's kind of like doing a drug, when you go off into some world that you can never describe, and never imagine when you're totally sober. It's a different state, you don't need to think about it, you just go there. And you play music.

Tome: Yeah, I think that if you came to our show and you were deaf, and you were to watch us, you could picture what we would sound like.

Jason: It just kind of happens.

So how did you all meet?

Jason: Oh, it's a long saga, a love story.

I was talking with a friend recently, and we decided that finding the right band is kind of like falling in love. It's just so hard to find the right people, and then when you find them, it's just like "Fuck!" You just click, and it feels good.

Jason: That's how I felt when I first jammed with these guys.

Dave: Liar! You were all businesslike! He was like, "I need to know one thing. Do you guys want to get signed to a major label?" And we were like, "Uh, no..." And he was like, "OK, good. Let's play."

Oh, so you guys aren't looking for major label success?

Jason: Oh, totally! [laughs]

Luke: We try not to think of the word "success." We try to just do what we do. We always want to be willing, and we always want to be playing. It would be cool not to have all these other jobs to worry about all the time...

Jason: But could you appreciate music then?

Luke: On our Christmas break, when we were all just working a few days a week and had time off school, we got nothing done. Now that we're back at school we're working like crazy...

Dave: We work well under pressure.

Jason: I think we need that balance. I think we need other things in our lives to function.

Tome: That's true, but we also procrastinate like fuck.

OK, one more question. I know you guys have been playing together for a while, but I think you might be relatively new to a lot of people. So they might not know what you sound like. How would you describe the way you sound?

Jason: We're post-categorical. [laughs]

Luke: No we're not! [laughing really hard]

Tome: One of our friends described it as...

Jason: What was it, a printing press about to explode? Like this big, beat-up old printing press all rattling, and nuts and shit are popping out of it, and it's just about to fall over, but something's stopping it.

Dave: There's a bunch of steam and stuff, screws coming loose and things breaking, and you think it's gonna explode, and you should go tell someone, but it's fun to just sit there watching it. But it doesn't explode, it's just kind of teetering on the edge.

You are the *Resistajax*, unlike 01100110 is available at Scratch. Check out the boys' weirdo website at www.therakingbombs.cjb.net

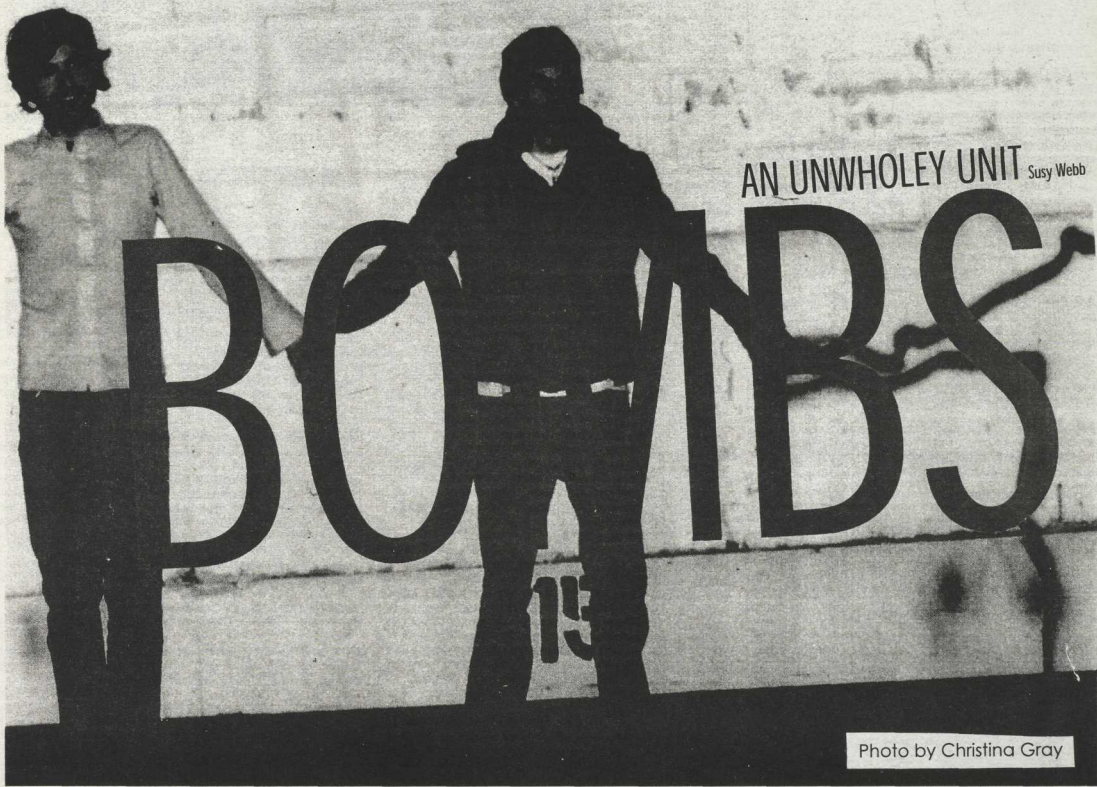
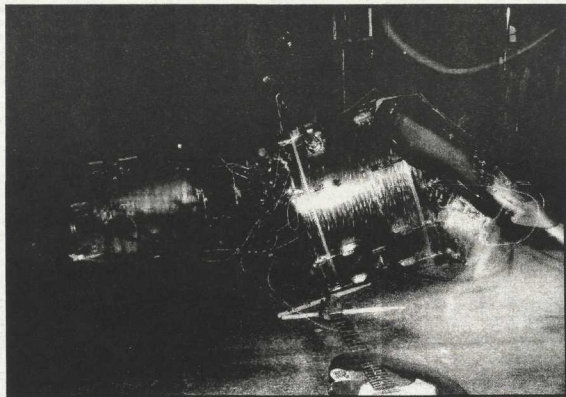


Photo by Christina Gray

9 February

ALL STATE CHAMPION

Emily Kendy



While 12 pm is considered afternoon by most, it's the crack of dawn for musicians.

"I've never done an interview during the day before," says a blurry-eyed Dan Siou, the singer of local sweat-rock band, All State Champion. He buffers his mufin with a dazed expression. "I think I know why."

"In a corner of Bambo's Café, across from the Cambie, we wait for the other band members to arrive. Eventually, Wes Cook (bass) ambles in, alert and firm of handshake. He is soon followed by drummer Todd "the o" makes the first 'd' silent" McConkey who hands over the requested pictures, which are to accompany the interview. There are three out-of-focus shots of McConkey and Siou.

"Where's me and Tim?" says Cook, alluding to McGuinness, guitarist and MIA fourth member. McConkey shrugs, indifferently, returning to his story of how Ween, apparently, self-recorded their first album over top of a cassette tape of the Doobie Brothers.

While this interview was meant to co-inside with the band's September release of their debut full-length, *It's Nothing to You*, the release date was pushed to February, by their Santa Monica label, Five One Inc.

On this particular semi-sunny Sunday, the band talks about the painful wait, how they ended up with a US based label, and sorts out once and for all who wears the pants in their relationship.

DISORDER: How come the album was pushed back?

Dan Siou: We were bumped. The label had other releases scheduled. **Todd McConkey:** We also had trouble getting our visas and passports together, which we needed, in order to tour.

Why aren't you on a local label?

McConkey: Nobody wants us.

Siou: It's funny after all this time, it's LA willing to help us. In Canada, it's bands like Nickelback and Hot Hot Heat [that have support]. There's insurance there. If you're not playing a popular genre, there's less support.

Wes Cook: It's a risk.

Siou: We're a risk.

Cook: I wish Tim was here, he'd have something to say about it...

How do you guys hook up with Five One Inc.?

McConkey: A friend of a friend. **Siou:** We're the only North American band on the label. There's a band from Japan called Eastern Youth, and a couple bands from Norway, one called Sister Sonny, which is basically electronic pop.

How do you guys fit in?

Siou: We don't fit in. Kenji, the guy who runs the label, just really likes our songs.

One of the last interviews I read of you guys, you were having some serious van troubles. Do you have a new tour van now?

20 disorder

Siou: No. No new van yet.

McConkey: It's okay, but it needs to be hosed out. That's no joke, either.

How would you compare your music to your four van?

Siou: What?

Cook: We're precise. Our van isn't.

Siou: Do you want us to compare how they're the same?

McConkey: We over-heat a lot, and something always smells bad...

Cook: Exhaust leaks.

Siou: We're both driving. That sounds good, doesn't it?

Cook: We're both striving to the next level.

McConkey: Oh, man.

Siou: We're both broken down...

McConkey: That sounds like we cry together, and hug, like the Chili Peppers.

Siou: This is a hard question. Are there going to be more questions like this?

How was working with Jesse Gander [Operation Makeout], on the album?

Siou: If it wasn't for him we wouldn't have a record. He's a great guy. He loves music and wants to help bands. It's rare.

What did you learn during the recording?

Siou: We played to a click track [and learned]. We weren't very good at keeping time.

McConkey: Thanks.

Siou: We ALL weren't. We had more time with this record. Used different amps and things, but tried to keep the intensity of a live show.

Are you guys really into the technical side of making music?

McConkey: When we play.

Cook: Go by feel.

McConkey: The best songs write themselves. The trick is to not think about it.

Siou: We have so many songs we've recorded, since the EP [released in 2000], but we were never happy with them. We're fussy.

McConkey: And we keep writing songs that are more relevant, so old songs disappear, but I'd rather have it this way than have a shitty recording you wish didn't exist.

Do you remember your first show?

Siou: Yeah. It was at the Brickyard. On a Wednesday night, with Joanie Loves Chachi.

Were you nervous?

Siou: Yeah! I still get nervous. Sometimes I barf before shows.

McConkey: I wish I got nervous.

You guys have any backstage cheer, or pre-show warm up?

Siou: We try to stay away from each other.

Why?

Siou: We're four very different people.

McConkey: Tim has a short attention span.

Cook: He's a spaz.

Siou: Todd's the angry dad. When he gets mad, it's like "Uh oh, Dad's mad." And he throws things at you, keys, and drums.

McConkey: Dan's the worrying mom.

Siou: I guess I am. We is... just an amazing bass player with the weirdest, most obscure bass lines.

Cook: I'm the least obscure of the band.

Siou: But your parts aren't simple.

McConkey: If people play their parts on their own, you don't have any idea what song they're playing.

Siou: It's because we don't write with chord progressions for the most part. They're too boring.

How do you write, if you don't write with chord progressions?

Siou: It's basically a bunch of riffs. We put our parts together like a puzzle.

What do you think to yourself, when you wake up on a good day?

Cook: That I'm lucky to do what I do, that I'm healthy. That I live in B.C.

McConkey: I don't have very many good days.

Siou: He's not even kidding. I think, "Yay! Someone's helping us put out a record."

What do you think, when you wake up on a bad day?

Siou: I hope the record comes out.

Can you give me an All State Champion lyric to finish off the interview?

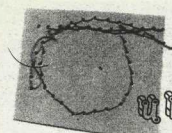
Siou: "I'll lie on the larmac and wait for death to stop this plane."

That's kind of depressing. I'd like to end on a light note...

McConkey: The painful wait.

Siou: Buy our album so we can fix our van. Thank you.

All State Champion will be playing Rock For Choice, Feb 6. Their CD release party is February 21, at the Brickyard.



recorded media

under review

Matt Mays s/t (Maple Music)

This is a man who thought that Nova Scotia had had its moment to shine. Matt Mays shows us its alive and well. He sings up west coast snobs in the face with his self-titled debut, with his own style but with an oh-so-East-Coast feel.

This is a man who loves his hometown of Dartmouth, and you can hear and feel it in every song. He takes us around his block, around the tree-lined "city of lakes." It has remnants of his courted Guitries days but with a slightly stronger rock flavour. A companion to young Petty isn't too much, it's justified.

The first time I saw Matt Mays, he was opening for Sam Roberts and no one recognized him, or El Torpedo. El Torpedo is the band that accompanies him on his live gigs; they add such a vitality that I wished they would write and record with Matt as the lead singer. By the end of the set, they seduced the crowd, got an enthusiastic standing ovation, and sold more CDs and signed more autographs than any unknown opener I've ever seen.

Actually, 'unknown' is inappropriate—sort of. Matt is big on his own East Coast turf. With the amount of East Coast Music Award nominations he's gotten and the amount of praise poured down on him, it's surprising that he doesn't have a bigger following on the West coast.

—Pamella Zanikamar

The Rhinos Year of the Rhinos (Rainbow Quartz)

Did anyone else hate it when you were a kid and your parents put KISS FM on the car radio? Well, I popped in this CD, and finished: instant flashback to pre-adolescence in my family's beat-up Toyota.

Granted, at times the Rhinos are bearable. But for the most part, this band sounds like watered-down and medicated Beach Boys. Cheese-dripping and cliché and painfully lacking something you can't quite put your finger on. Attitude? Creativity? It's like Christopher Cross. I don't want to listen long enough to figure it out.

—Pamella Zanikamar

Spokane Measurement (Jagjaguwar)

If you like the slow of Low, the drama and control of Goodspeed, You Black Emperor and the eerie vocals of Tish Keenan of Broadcast, you could totally love Spokane.

This album seems to become fuller with every listen. Rick Alverson's hesitant touch-

sensitive keyboard-accordion sounding vocals are amazing with Courtney Bowles' dreamy, melting voice. This album is the perfect soundtrack for holing up in your bedroom with lots of pillow and lit candles. One of my favourite tracks is amazingly simple—"An Ideal History"—which is two and a half minutes of wind-up jewelry box sounds. It can sound demented and creepy or innocent and comforting.

"Temporary Things" stands out too as it in some way reminds me of Nine Inch Nails' "Hurt"; but somehow Rick's whispered vocals sound more necessary than Trent's. I keep expecting the simple but haunting "Hurt" keyboard downward scale. I actually tried mixing the two songs together but I needed to slow down "Hurt." It could totally work in some parts, though, I swear.

What else can I say about this album but that it seriously becomes better with every repeat; which is pretty amazing because I liked it right from the start.

—Natalie Vermeer

The Minds Plastic Girls (Dinnar Records)

With so many good bands coming outta Portland these days (Hunches, Triggers, Epoxies, Electric Eye etc.), it's wonder how anyone can keep track of 'em all. Add The Minds to the list and try to stop the burn rush. Combining the aforementioned Epoxies knack for synth-pop goodness and a singer with a cheese-grater throat to give songs like "Night Drive" and "Hot" just enough punk rock mazzia for the Rip Off records purists, and you got yourself a winner. Nice Adverts cover, too.

—Byrne Dunn

Spread Eagle s/t (Nerve Records)

Well if you can get past lovely cover girl Meghan... SAID, if you can visit past Meghan what you hold in your sweaty palms is the first (and only) claim to Mission fame, a bar-room brawl set to music for the most ADD-affected rock and roll fans among you. Yes, elegance to Mothead and the Divanes is recognized, but I'd venture these guys (and girl) listen to a little Boston and maybe even some Outkast (although they'd probably never admit to it publicly). Me, I can shake it like a Polaroid picture these tunes just fine, but if you can't make it on the floor, next best thing is let to Spread Eagle kick your behind down into the cigarette and beer-encrusted carpet that Meghan finds herself lying in after too many nights of

rockin' revelry. Wait a sec, are you even listening to me? You're still giggly-eyed over her, aren't you? GEEZUL...

—Byrne Dunn

The Mountain Goats We Shall All Be Healed (A&D)

There are few Mountain Goats fans who don't miss the old days of John Danielle's voice, backed only by tape hiss and frantic guitar strumming, all tied together by his stories and sense of humour. With their last album, Tallahassee, the Mountain Goats fundamentally changed, moving to a production studio, with a band to boot. Initial reactions were mixed, but most came to the same conclusion—this is still Danielle, and there's still a spark to the music that makes it Mountain Goats, and so we still love it. Well, with We Shall All Be Healed, the same approach as Tallahassee's is in effect, and so again we have to wonder if his songwriting and expanded recording techniques will be able to compensate for anything that he might have lost along the way. Recorded in one 10-day session, it's a bit rushed, but with Danielle that's almost a good thing. While the humor seems to have mostly fled away, the songs are still structurally simple, even if they're now more textually complex. This tends to leave the songs sounding a bit shallow at first, but given that the most popular complaint with the Mountain Goats is that all the songs can sound the same, WSABH comes out as surprisingly successful. Danielle mixes some of his earlier sounds on songs such as "Home Again Garden Grove" and also successfully introduces new sounds that the Mountain Goats have never before explored on songs such as "Mole." Even though the songwriting skills of the Mountain Goats may not be good enough to compensate for the humour and atmosphere they used to have, Danielle is still undoubtedly able to paint a thousand pictures with his words, and that's what counts.

—Soren Brothers

The Barmintz Brothers Mr. Bones' Walk-in Closet (WeeWerk Records)

I think I should really start telling people I'm from Guelph, Ontario (home town of the Constantines, Royal City, and King Cobb Steele to name a few), because maybe they'll finally start taking my music seriously. Or will they? The Barmintz Brothers are three teenagers from Guelph whose musical style can only be described as grab-bag. This means that they occasionally sing in Hebrew (for the fun of it), and choose to root their songs in bizarre sounding household items

and synths rather than the more popular guitar. Furthermore, it seems that they're a group that actively avoids pigeon holing, since none of them are Jewish, one is a girl, and no one really knows if the songs are to be taken as serious or not. As a result it almost seems too easy to label them a teenage novelty band, trying to grab attention based on their birthplace and unique sounds, but their musical virtuosity and songwriting skills are simply too great to be cast aside so easily. They really have to be admired for their ingenuity, their musical exploration and for their fun-loving approach to song writing, not to mention their storytelling lyrics which often come off both intimate and innocent. In the end, Mr. Bones' Walk-in Closet is an endearing album, but I have a feeling that it's going to be overshadowed by the subsequent recordings the Barmintz Brothers put out.

—Soren Brothers

Streethlight Manifesto Everything Goes Numb (Victory Records)

When I chose this CD, I was in a blue mood... I'll admit, I was a bit sad that the school term was over and the Christmas break was at my doorstep. I wouldn't be seeing my friends everyday and I'd be working my poor little ass off. But as soon the first few bars played, I was like, "Screw friends! I have music!" Yes, this album was definitely a picker-upper. Six mole band members manage to skillfully choreograph bass guitar, "normal" guitar, "barbaric" sax, tenor sax, alto sax, trumpet, trombone, drums, and vocals into a kick ass sound that is neither overwhelming with noise or reminiscent of scarring grade eight band class memories. Titles like "A Moment of Silence" and "The Saddest Song" will sure fire the hell out of you, but in a good happy way. I would recommend each and every song—no matter what the title—of this album to anyone, anytime, anywhere.

The songs aren't in-your-face either. Tracks often start out soft, slow, and wonderfully rhythmic, shoot up to some mad mad playing, then ease back down, then shoot back up, then ease back down... It's a rock'n' balance that keeps listeners on their toes. They sound a lot like No Doubt before Gwen went ghetto fabulous, if No Doubt had unprotected sex with Sublime, they would probably name their baby Streethlight Manifesto (not minding the custody battles, child payments, etc...) Uh...yeah. Unprotected sex bad, Streethlight Manifesto good.

—Eurasia

End This Week With Knives We Are So Transparent (Hell or High Water) They mix hardcore with emo and something tortured, yet deny resemblance to either band in their genre. A first thought is that they may remind you a little too much of a west coast version of the St.Catherines

band, Alexisonfire. But don't be so ignorant. Listen hard and listen well to this little work of art. You'll hear a diversity that well reflects their personalities; a little bit of something sweet, a little more of something violent, but a larger part of purity in rock.

—Niki Reilmayer

April March Triggers (Pias America)

April March, AKA Elinor Blake, is cool for the following reasons: 1) she pretends she's French. 2) she worked as an animator on Pee Wee's Playhouse. 3) she was an animator and writer for The Ren and Stimpy Show. 4) she is the star of an upcoming comic book, and 5) her latest album, Triggers, is wonderful. For her second solo effort, the Californian chanteuse teamed up with producer Bertrand Burgalat to create a modern interpretation of '60s French pop. The result is a stylish, swirling sound that makes full use of the possibilities of stereo, moving from the spy music of "Cool Bracelet" to the synth-rock of "Somewhere Up Above", and staying nearly perfect the whole way.

—Kat Sidle

The Thrills So Much For The City (EMI)

I have to admit that I was a bit skeptical early on, what with the recent onslaught of rhyming "The" bands (The Kills, The Stills) invading my every office. However to my surprise, Dublin's The Thrills debut album, So Much For The City, wasn't half bad. In fact, it was about three quarters good. Listening to them was like listening to '70s radio in your Californian motel room just as the sun is setting, and all you want to do is cry yourself to sleep. A bunch of Irish lads singing about Santa Cruz, sunshine and Hollywood's Crazy talk! Evidently, they had spent four months in San Diego writing this album. I can't help but compare lead singer Connor Deasy's vocals to that of fellow painting enthusiasts Bright Eyes' Conor Oberst and Death Cab For Cutie's Benjamin Gibbard. Despite this dreary disposition, songs like "Santa Cruz (You're Not That Far)," "Big Sur," "One Horse Town" and "Hidden Track "Plans," make this record enjoyable with dancing pianos and delicious build-ups. With a wide array of instruments (banjos, organs, pianos and what appears to be a slide guitar), The Thrills keep things interesting and spirited all the best of times. Al though, I can't help but become bored with balladry. I want to love them. Really, I do. But everything else makes me feel like I hit "repeat."

—Patricia de Matos

Sufjan Stevens Greetings From Michigan, the Great Lakes State (Asthmatic Kitty)

Ah, Michigan, land not only of historic race riots, huts of industry, and mysterious seapages, but

also avant-folkist Sufjan Stevens, who on his third album, Greetings from Michigan, the Great Lake State, rushes to the defense of his mangled home state (ie, "Ontario has 1.0, but Michigan has 8.0."). Shilling between two camps in the beauty of bedroom troubadour—the quiet shuffle of the rainy day pretty boys (Nick Drake, Smog before the brackets), and in wild polyphonics, of brass, woodwinds, and voice, a nicely ramshackle take on the mod composers (Jim O'Rourke, Eric Matthews—Stevens calls it the only form that will do; the concept album. And while many records laid under the weight of their concept, here it's the trump card. If you are cool with Stevens' voice, which can get a little cute at times, the resulting conflation of pervasive Michiganiana, wonderfully epic track titles ("Detroit, Lift Up Your Weary Head [Rebel St. James, Detroit, Lift Up Your Head]"), and unlikeliest moods and textures will pack each passing song with a little more of whatever it is that you may be looking for: scorching oboe riffs, anti-Globalization fodder, sad beauty, maybe just a new desire to throw on while you clean up the house.

—Basil Hough

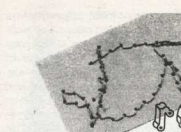
Raising the Fawn by the warmth of your flame (Sonic Unyon)

For an EP, it blew my mind. It's reminiscent of so many more bands I know and love. Radiohead. Sigur Rós and local band Stabla, to name a few. I'm not sure I could quite do this EP justice, as it is beautifully conceived beyond words. Singer John Crossingham of Broken Social Scene is the essence of Raising the Fawn, and with by the warmth has proven himself to have one of the most haunting and intriguing voices to come out of the Canadian indie rock scene, and I'll tell you, I've never been a fan of the barjo, but now I check such opinion. The vast array of instruments used in the production of this EP, running through banjos to xylophones, all manners of acoustics and electrics, together contribute to the emotionally powerful and ethereal qualities of the songs. An although the track list numbers only five, with a running time a little over 26 minutes, it's comfortably in the range were it can be left on repeat for a while, as I frequently find myself doing. The song that stands out the most on the EP is the last, "country home," a toast to the old fashion and recorded in lo-fi, where Crossingham's voice steeps to new levels of melody and grandeur. I'd definitely say that Raising the Fawn is a band to look out for in the coming years.

—Julia

For review archives go to:
discorder.citr.ca
everything from
hits to shits

21 February



live reviews

real live action

Three Inches of Blood Goths Blood Fuel Injected 45

**October 31
The Brickyard**
I started getting excited about this show at about two in the afternoon on Halloween. As I wandered the depleted aisles of Value Village searching for a "depressed housewife" costume, I looked across the room, and who did I see but a few of the members of **Three Inches of Blood**, who were also searching the racks. My spirits rose to the crest of last minute bargain hunters, soared. Costumes. I realized, make for a good show. Now, I'm not a metal aficionado, but I am a huge fan of Halloween. The spirit of that black holiday set the tone for my evening, and my enjoyment of bands I might not always go to see.

Goths Blood played first. There was some nice violin action going on above the predominantly heavy songs and rhythms, which made for some interesting listening. **Fuel Injected 45** took the stage next, wearing all white, and I can now fully aware how frightening that clinical look can really be. Between songs the singer spoke sweetly, giving candy out to the audience, but as soon she started singing she was a woman possessed. The huge low voice that came out of her was overpowering. I had wanted to run up to whoever was about to bite into the chocolate bar or lollipop that she had given out and wrench it from their hands. It could be poison; you can't trust her, not with that voice. I haven't heard any reports of mysterious illnesses, but you can never be too careful.

Lastly, the highlight of the evening, a just home from tour **Three Inches of Blood**. Honestly, I can't even remember if they were wearing costumes now. I think they were, but my focus was entirely on the songs and the energy of both the band and the audience. The crowd was glad to have them back home, and this on top of an excess of both candy and beer made for a good set. There was plenty of pushing; I saw a little bit of shoving, and at least a couple of people were doused in beer. What more could you want from a Halloween show? By the time of the night I was sure metal gods had been satiated for another year, as was my craving for miniature chocolate bars. On a last note, awards for best costumes go to, in no order other than that in which I saw them, **Tran**, **Ree Wee Herman**, and the referee jogging couple. Unfortunately there are no prizes, just my eternal reverence. Congratulations.

Angela Friesen

Joel Plaskett Emergency Leeroi Stagger November 12 Green Room

For some, choosing between this show and the **Broken Social Scene** was one of the hardest decisions of their lives. For me, it was one of the easiest. Since moving to Vancouver I had been waiting for one thing, and one thing only: a **Joel Plaskett Emergency** show.

The night started off with an excellent performance by **Leeroi Stagger**, just something about that voice drops you into his music, which all in all rumoured to be significantly better than in past months.

The Joel Plaskett Emergency didn't waste much time before taking the stage and beginning their set, which lasted almost two hours and did not leave anyone unsatisfied or wishing he or she had gone to Richard's on Richards that night. Joel Plaskett was absolutely fantastic, not missing a single note, going all out with those guitar solos that are so familiar to **Thrush Hermil** fans, playing requests, improvising lyrics and tossing out witty banter between songs that was actually witty.

There were many highlights in the set, including audience-led backing vocals and a multi-song section of '70s honky tonk covers (think *Like a Fish*). Leeroi's remix to a '90s R&B cover of R. Kelly's remix to "Ignition". Probably the most memorable point of the show, however, was Joel Plaskett's haunting solo acoustic version of the **Thrush Hermil** song "Before You Leave," from the band's final album, *Clayton Park*.

Nothing could have possibly made this show better. With the intimacy of such a nice, small venue packed with Joel Plaskett fans and great music, the band ended a perfect night with an energetic "From the Back of the Film," another **Thrush Hermil** reference. Among all of the '90s East Coast music scene fans. And there were a lot of us.

Kimberley Day

Hot Hot Heat

Metric

The Unicorns

November 17 Croatian Cultural Centre

The drive across the city in a torrential downpour didn't stop me from seeing **Hot Hot Heat**, but it did prevent me from catching **Vancouver Island's** much talked about **The Unicorns**, which I regret. Regardless, it was still a great line-up. **Metric** were on stage when I arrived at the Croatian Cultural Centre. It was a post-punk funk led by an energetic, mini-skirt clad keyboardist, Emily Haines. Emily is a natural leader on the stage, rocking it out hard with confidence and style. The crowd embraced **Metric** and displayed their love with ceaseless dancing.

The quiet lull between **Metric** and **Hot Hot Heat** was killed off by **scenesters** bouncing us to a mix tape of **The Streets**, **The Walkmen** and **The Clash**. Just when it felt like a *Luvafair* resurrection, the lights dimmed and the crowd surged to the stage and jumped in time to the swaying of Steve's big hair. Racing back and forth from one end to the stage to the other, **Hot Hot Heat** showed us why they're so... hot. Though short, their set was mostly the best from *Make Up the Breakdown* and the sound was tight. The kids ate it up like candy. Whether it was the bounce keyboard intro of "No No Now," the perky "Get In or Get Out," or the popular "Talk to Me Dance With Me," watching **Hot Hot Heat** feed off their fans felt more like a giant sing-along 80's dance party than your typical impersonal concert. When the kids screamed, "I love Victrola!" Steve sheepishly grinned and said, "I love Victrola too." Smiles abound, **Hot Hot Heat** plan rocked the cobble.

I've come to realize that, musically, we live in an exciting time. There's that buzz in the air and an intensity of the shows that, for a while, I never thought I'd get to experience. **Hot Hot Heat's** five venues may be shrinking, but the music is increasing and it's not stopping. What I saw that night proved to the Canadian indie rock scene is nowhere close to dying.

Robyn Hanson

Arab Strap Sparrow November 23 Richard's on Richards

First off, who would've guessed that an Arab Strap was a sex toy? I suppose someone who has listened to **Arab Strap's** lyrical content, or for that matter someone who's wondered why **Belle and Sebastian** make reference to it, but still had no clue. That being said, there were no sex toys anywhere in sight as **Malcolm Middleton**, half of Arab Strap, opened up the night with his solo acoustic music (which was more or less lyrically paralleled with Arab Strap's music). For example, his final song, which was probably the best, had him returning to the thought that his songs are "all shite" and that he'd amount to nothing.

Needless to say, it was a bit of a change of pace when **Sparrow** hit the stage soon after him. I actually thought it might be Arab Strap coming because of all the fog they were pumping to make a mysterious, or at least atmospheric in Richard's, but instead it was these sunny popsters, whose music was something like the **Starlight Mints** with maybe more keyboard and less guitar. Just try to imagine a smiling keyboardist pumping out

quirky bouncing songs backed by cello and violin and you get the idea.

When it was time for the headliners I could hear a few people chatting about the drunken nature of the lead singer Aidan Moffat, and I started wondering myself what kind of evening we'd be getting from these Scots. Arab Strap came out as a 7-piece band (as opposed to the two core members), and were all so sober that every member of the crowd were even buying rounds of shots for the entire band, which were (mostly) turned down and left by the side for thirsty concertgoers.

Being sober, they were musically all there and more. They had great moments with the live drums (as opposed to their usual electronic bleep) trumpet, cello, violin, and guitar all working together as one. But I couldn't help but shake the feeling that some of the music's core was missing. Such a major aspect of Arab Strap's music is rooted in loneliness, fear, and feelings of ineptitude, which didn't really come across as one. But with the performance, as opposed to their recorded music. As a result I found the concert feeling a bit less honest, and a bit more generic, even though there's no denying the beauty of their sound, and their sheer talent.

Maybe I'm just a sentimental fool and can't appreciate good music when I hear it, but somehow I missed the thought of two guys sitting in a dark room in Scotland, playing around and trying to make as emotionally powerful a sound as they can together, in an attempt to overcome severe depression.

Soren Brothers

Sondre Lerche Adrienne Pierce November 24 Richard's on Richards

For this show, **Adrienne Pierce** was the opening act, and she took the unusual route by singing a capella for her first song. It was a nice surprise. Pierce comes across as a melodic singer/songwriter, singing in a soft tone with a childlike innocence. She was armed only with a guitar and drifted through her repertoire. The highlight of the set was a song called "Sylvia" and the highly requested "Arizona." Her quiet demeanour was a nice change of pace from the hectic world outside.

Sondre Lerche brought a healthy dose of charm to Richard's on Richards. This was the first time that Lerche headlined his own North American tour. It was a treat to have Lerche perform in Vancouver, a city he has made a home for. With props, a fancy light show or back-up band, he was just a guy with an amp, guitar and smile.

Lerche's songs take on a new life on stage, there is an upbeat vibe and energy. He has a smooth voice that reaches highs effortlessly. He must be an old soul because he manages to channel vocal stylings and melodies from past eras. His phrasing is unique, where he plays around with melody and vocal delivery.

Lerche opened the set with

"Dead Passengers". Highlights included "Don't Be Shallow", "You Know So Well", "Sleep on Needles" and "Single-Hand Affairs". The audience was also treated to a few new songs. One of the new tracks, "It's Over", grabs your attention right away, sounding both lovely and melancholy live.

Lerche had a great stage presence, keeping the crowd entertained for over an hour. He was in a playful mood, telling stories and dishing out witty remarks. When someone in the crowd cat-called to him, he cheekily responded with, "No animals allowed". He even had some audience participation at the end of "All Luck Ran Out", leading a sing-along of na na na. The big fans in the crowd anticipated this concert tradition and were providing back-up harmony throughout the song. Lerche shook things up a bit when he used the distortion pedal on "Sleep on Needles". He was melow one moment, rocking the next, ironically, he labelled this dynamic display as "soft rock". The only real Lerche shock was his killer guitar skills.

The crowd response was huge that night. After the encore, the audience didn't budge on leaving cheering and stomping until Lerche came out and graciously took a final bow. Four words (on a button that an audience member gave to Lerche) can sum up the evening: How sweet it is.

Emily Khong

Hidden Cameras The Gay November 25 Richard's on Richards

Duncan came late, so I agreed to make a few comments about **The Gay**, who opened up this wonderful concert. I think it's safe to say that Vancouver is slowly becoming the supergroup capitol of the world, third only to Duffin and Copenhagen. The Gay features members from Vancouver Nights, Superconductors and the Beans. Alone, they are lost, powerless and lack direction. Together as a group, they are found, strong and have direction.

The highlight of the evening was because I met Randy watake from Mint Records. His goatee makes him look sinister. Sign me up! The Gay have the greatest shirts. It's like the Bay logo, except it says "THE GAY" GENIUS! And after all your goodness, you'd think I'd be let down. NOT! SO! Every band should have an accordion. That girl was awesome. The songs were full of wonderful melody and a great spirit. The crowd loved it. Buy the Gay's new jokers. TAG, Take it, Duncan!

Chris-A-Riffic

It's true, I came very close to sleeping through **The Hidden Cameras** show. However, thanks to some benevolence from transil gods, I arrived just as the nine-member Toronto collective was starting up with "Golden Streams," the first track on their latest album, the excellent *The Smell Of Our Own*. The song, a gorgeous ode to the delights of—

ahem—water sports, provided the band with the first of many opportunities for spectacle. Bathing the stage in yellow lights and throwing dozens of yellow streamers into the crowd, even the most prudish audience member was left longing to be peed on (okay, maybe it was just me).

For the next song, two male goatees, allegedly from the street according to head Camera Joel Gibb, joined the fray. By this point, the stage was now framed by two beautiful, soon-to-be-nearly-naked torsos, with everything—from projected song lyrics to the cloth cut out banners favoured by churches to musicians dressed as sailors and rabbits—in between. The enthusiasm of the band was so great that a Vancouver audience was coaxed into dancing for a whole song ("I Want Another Emme"), no less as directed by band members. That was probably the most unexpected spectacle of the night.

As for the music itself, the **Hidden Cameras** performed magnificently. Most songs were from *The Smell Of Our Own* and 2001's *Ecce Homo*, but there were a handful of new songs, all of which sounded great live. More than anything else though, it was great to see a band make use of the full potential of a performance. They even played a song blindfolded; it was pretty sweet.

Duncan

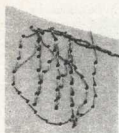
Notes From Underground The Skinjabs A Virgin In Hollywood Ms. T's Benefit November 28 Pat's Pub

Pat's Pub Ms. T's Cabaret! burned down and make a few comments about **The Gay**, who opened up this wonderful concert. I think it's safe to say that Vancouver is slowly becoming the supergroup capitol of the world, third only to Duffin and Copenhagen. The Gay features members from Vancouver Nights, Superconductors and the Beans. Alone, they are lost, powerless and lack direction. Together as a group, they are found, strong and have direction.

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I was inspired by how much I enjoyed **The Skinjabs**. They had some hard-driving art-funk punk tunes. And it was fun. The songs were upbeat and the dancers were a nice touch (I think one was checking me out). I can see them getting some acclaim, if they haven't already.

Notes From The Underground were clearly the most musical of the three, and the lightest ensemble of the evening. The four-piece could some finely crafted pop tunes, and the crowd dug them, as did I.



on the dial

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

9:00AM-12:00PM

All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:00PM-3:00PM

Reggae in all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

3:00PM-5:00PM

Real cowhit-caught-in-your-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt.

5:00PM-6:00PM

British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt.

5:00PM-6:00PM

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM

6:00PM-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA

8:00PM-11:00PM

Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANCECENDANCE

10:00PM-12:00AM

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystic-al. <trancecendance@hotmail.com>

THE SHOW

12:00AM-2:00AM

RADIO ZERO

2:00AM-6:00AM

MONDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8:00AM-11:00AM

Your favourite brown-sisters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight!

THE DIM SUM SHOW

11:00AM-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN

1:00PM-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

SANDBOX THEATRE

3:00PM-4:00PM

A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national, and international theatre groups. We welcome your involvement. <sandboxtheatre@hotmail.com>

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

4:00PM-5:00PM

A chance for new CTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

STRAIGHT TALK

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join me - Dallas Brodie - for stimulating talk radio about local, national and international issues. WHAT YOU WILL GET ON STRAIGHT TALK: smart, informative, current, provocative radio..... WHAT YOU WON'T GET: fence sitting, conspiracy theories, reflex anti-Americanism, lefty whining or fluff.

SON OF NIGHT DREAMS alt.

6:00PM-7:30PM

SOLARIZATION alt.

6:00PM-6:30PM

MY ASS alt.

6:30PM-7:30PM

Phelps, Albini, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO

7:30PM-9:00PM

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00PM-12:00AM

Feb. 2: Two famous birthdays tonight: saxophonists Stan Getz and Sonny Stitt. Getz

Your guide to
C101 101.9 fm

has been featured recently so Stitt gets the nod. Sonny on alto saxophone in magnificent form with his short-lived working band...on a very rare recording.

Feb. 9: Pianist/composer Andrew Hill tonight with a previously unused date from 1969 which has become the most talked about record of the year. Spiky, innovative and as new as tomorrow, Hill leads an all-star nonet in "Passing Ships".

Feb. 16: Drummer/leader Art Blakey in his final Blue Note recording. Trumpeter Lee Morgan returns to the role and Wayne Shorter on tenor saxophone is on fire here in the 1964 edition of the jazz messengers, "Indestructible".

Feb. 23: In honour of Black History Month: one of drummer/composer/leader Max Roach's most provocative, controversial and socially significant recordings, Mr. Roach with a great band and his vocalist Abbey Lincoln and the "Freedom Now Suite".

VENGEANCE IS MINE

12:00AM-3:00AM

Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAYS

3:00AM-6:00AM

DJ Christopher Schmidt also hosts Organix at Club 23 (23 West Cordova) every Friday.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6:30AM-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrica" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES

8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM

9:30AM-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Deedee than the

most dangerous criminal
<bomastynine@hotmail.com>

FILL-IN alt.

11:30AM-12:00PM

MORNING AFTER SHOW alt.

11:30AM-12:30PM

REEL TO REEL alt.

12:30PM-1:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

BEATUP RONIN alt.

12:00PM-2:00PM

Where dead samurai can program music.

A TALK WITH ALLEN CLEMENTS alt.

1:00PM-2:00PM

CIRCUIT TRACING

2:00PM-3:30PM

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE alt.

3:30PM-4:30PM

«En Avant la musique se concentre sur le mélange des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

RADIO SEU alt.

3:30PM-4:30PM

Produced by the Service Employees International Union, tune in for news, views and stories relating to the labour industry and its affiliates, coast to coast from Vancouver to the shores of Newfoundland.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN

4:30PM-5:00PM

WENNER'S BARBEQUE

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD

6:00PM-8:00PM

Up the punx, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com

SALARIO MINIMO

8:00PM-10:00PM

THE LOVE DEN alt.

10:00PM-12:00AM

<loveden@hotmail.com>

ESCAPISM alt.

10:00PM-12:00AM

«escapism n. escape from the reality or routine of life by absorbing the mind in entertainment or fantasy.

Host: DJ Satyricon.

<DJ.Satyricon@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES

12:00AM-6:00AM

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE

7:00AM-9:00AM

Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick the Greek. R.B. disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real

gemi

<suburbanjungle@chanel88.com>

FILL-IN

9:00AM-10:00AM

EXQUISITE CORPSE

10:00AM-11:00AM

Experiments, Collage, Plunder All your favorite hits... are not an option.

<http://members.shaw.ca/ecorpse>

ANOIZE

11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Meat inflates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE alt.

1:00PM-2:00PM

FOR THE RECORD alt.

1:00PM-2:00PM

DEMOCRACY NOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

MOTORDADDY alt.

3:00PM-4:00PM

Cycle-iffic rawk and roll!

RUMBLETONE RADIO alt.

3:00PM-5:00PM

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES

5:00PM-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too.

<necessaryvoices.org>

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt.

6:30PM-8:00PM

[First Wednesday of every month.]

BLUE MONDAY alt.

6:30PM-8:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schlong to, hosted by Coreen.

JUICEBOX

8:00PM-9:00PM

Your ears have never felt so naughty!

FOLK OASIS

9:00PM-11:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies...bluegrass, singer-songwriters, bluegrass, alt country, and more. Not a mirage!

<folkoasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MERRY HOUR

11:00PM-12:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR

6:00AM-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

8:00AM-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON

10:00AM-11:30AM

Musical inspired by Chocolate Thunder: Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanship. <boltove@yahoo.com>

FIRE UP

11:30AM-12:00PM

Ever told yourself "I can't even boil water, let alone cook a

chicken or stir-fry vegetables!" Let Chef Morat show you the way to create easy meals prepared in the comfort of your own kitchen/becheor pad or car. OK, maybe not the car. Wouldn't I want to spill anything on the upholstery.

UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES

12:00PM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE

1:00PM-2:00PM

Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS

3:00PM-5:00PM

DJ Knownone slaves over hot-multi-track to bring a fresh continuous mix of fresh every week. Made from scratch, samples and just a few drops of fame. Our tables also have plethora of guest DJs, performers, interviews, giveaways, Strong Bad and the occasional public service announcements. <eno_worke@yahoo.ca>

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD

5:00PM-6:00PM alt.

Local Dave brings you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt.

5:00PM-6:00PM

Viva la Velourati! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <www.bikesexual.org>

OUT FOR KICKS

6:00PM-7:30PM

No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR

7:30PM-9:00PM

The best in roots, rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-affired host, Gary Olsen.

<ripitup55@telus.net>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBOLD RADIO HELL

9:00PM-11:00PM

February 5th - Transit
February 12th - A New Hope
February 19th - MongOOSE
February 26th - The Gung Ho's
March 4th - The Rebel Spell

WORLD HEAT

11:00PM-1:00AM

An old punk rock heat considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Dary-ani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

FILL-IN

1:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAYS

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED

8:00AM-10:00AM

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of real rock 'n'

Top 5 bands Parmida Z. (host of Unpack Your Adjectives, Thursdays 12-1 p.m.) thinks it would be fun to be in, but knows that she would look horribly awkward:

1. The Strokes, Black Rebel Motorcycle Club... and all other trendy, cool-looking bands
2. Duran Duran, The Cure... and all other swooning 80's Brit pop bands
3. The Darkness
2. Andrew W.K. (it would be a double act!?)
1. Gwar



rollebrs.
SKA-TS SCENE-IX DRIVE!
10:00AM-12:00PM
 Email requests to: <djska_1@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

12:00PM-2:00PM
 Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
2:00PM-3:30PM

The best mix of music, news, sports and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDUAR THE HUMAN
SERVETTE PRESENTS...

3:30PM-5:00PM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS

5:00PM-6:00PM
 A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

THE NORTHERN WISH

3:30PM-7:30PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS

7:30PM-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

www.africanrhythmsradio.com

HOMEBOSS

9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also more trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs: interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES all.

12:00AM-2:00AM

THE ANTIDOTE all.

12:00AM-2:00AM

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL

2:00AM-6:00AM

Dark, sinister music of all genres to soothe the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

SATURDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar and ticket giveaways.

8AM-9AM: African/World roots

9AM-12PM: Celtic music and

performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION

12:00PM-3:00PM

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

www.streetpunkradio.com

crashnburnradio@yahoo.ca

POWERCHORD

1:00PM-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwaïn, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE

3:00PM-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban bar honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR

5:00PM-6:00PM

SOUL TREE

6:00PM-9:00PM

From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

9:00PM-11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS

11:00PM-1:00AM

Cutting-edge, progressive organ music with resident Haitian and various guest performers/DJs. Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anesthetic then?

<http://plutonia.org>

EARWAX

1:00AM-4:30AM

"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wox/my chaos runs rampant when i free da jazz..." Out.

REGGAE LINKUP

4:30AM-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by Sister B.

LISTEN TO CITR
 ONLINE AT
WWW.CITR.CA



DJ profile
 Frank Rumbletone
 Rumbletone Radio
 Alternating Wednesdays
 3pm-5pm

Describe your show:

Fuzzed-out 60's Garage Sex-pedals!

Record played most often on your show?

The Graveigger 5, Tiki Tones, The Tonics, Highs in the mid-60's

Last record you bought?

Toe-Rag Studios compilation with The Kaisers, Billy Childish, Lenny Dee's Organ fantasies and Parly with Klaus Wonderlich.

Musician you would like to be many?

Someone who likes fuzz, twang, fine tuning, feedback, shaking maracas and distorted sexual positions.

Favourite show on CITR?

Motardaddy Radio, 3rd Times the Charm, Caught in the Red

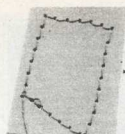
Strongest phone call received while on the air?

The guy who called and said, "Why does your show keep fuckin' with my head!" And the other guy who called and said, "I don't know what you're playing

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6AM								6AM
7	REGGAE LINKUP (RG)	FILL-IN	PACIFIC PICKIN' (RT)	FILL-IN	PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR (EC)	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE (EC)				8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (EC)	HIGHBRED VOICES (WO)	FILL IN	END OF THE WORLD NEWS (EC)	CAUGHT IN THE RED (RR)	THE SATURDAY EDGE (RT)	9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (EC)		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (RR)	EXQUISITECORPSE(EX)	PLANET LOVETRON (DC)	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (SK)		10
11		THE DIM SUM SHOW (EC)	FILL-IN MORNING AFTER SHOW (EC) REEL TO REEL (TK)	ANOIZE (NO)	FIRE UP (TK)			11
12PM	ROCKERS SHOW (RG)	PARTS UNKNOWN (PO)	BEATUP RONIN (EC)	THE SHAME (FR)	UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)	GENERATION ANNIHILATION (PU)	12PM
1			ATANK WITH ALLEN ELEMENTS (TK)	FOR THE RECORD (TK)	STEVE & MIKE (HC)	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (WO)	POWERCHORD (MT)	1
2			CIRCUIT TRACING (DC/EC)	DEMOCRACY NOW (TK)	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW (TK)			2
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (RT)	SANDBOX THEATRE (TK)	RADIO SEU (TK)	MOTORDADDY/ RUMBLETONE RADIO (RR)	RHYMES & REASONS (HH)	NARDUAR PRESENTS (NW)	CODE BLUE (RT)	3
4		ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS (EC)	MEAT EATING VEGAN (EC)	NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD (EC)			4
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (PO)	SAINT TROPEZ (PO)	WENNER'S BBQ (SP)	A.S.W. (PO/EC)	OUT FOR KICKS (PO)	CITR NEWS AND ARTS (TK)	ELECTROLUX HOUR (EC)	5
6	QUEER FM (TK)	SON OF NIGHT DREAMS (EC)	SOLARIZATION (TK)	BLUE MONDAY (GI)	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR (RR)	THE NORTHERN WISH (EC)	SOUL TREE (SO)	6
7		WIGFLUX RADIO (RG)	FLEX YOUR HEAD (HC)	JUICEBOX (TK)	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL (LM)	AFRICAN RHYTHMS (WO)		7
8	RHYTHMSINDIA (WO)		SALARIO MINIMO (WO)	FOLK OASIS (RT)		HOMEBOSS (DC)	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (DC/EC)	8
9		THE JAZZ SHOW (JZ)	VENUS FLYTRAP (EC)	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (HK)	WORLD HEAT (WO)		PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (DC)	9
10	TRANSCENDANCE (DC)	VENGEANCE IS MINE! (PU)	ESCAPISM (EC)			I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (EC)	EARWAX (HH/DC)	10
11	THE SHOW (HH)		AURAL TENTACLES (EC)	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM (EC)	FILL IN	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (EC)	REGGAE LINKUP (RG)	11
12AM	RADIO ZERO (EC)	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES (DC/EC)						12AM
1								1
2								2
3								3
4								4
5								5
6								6

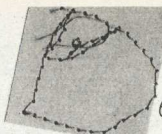
CH=children's • DC=dance/electronic • EC=eclectic • EX=experimental • FR=French language • GI=goth/industrial • HC=hardcore • HH=hip-hop • HK=Hans Kloss • KI=kids • JZ=jazz
 LM=live music • LO=lounge • MT=metal • NO=noise • NW=Narduar • PO=pop • PU=punk • RG=reggae • RR=rock • RT=roots • SK=ska • SO=soul • SP=sports • TK=talk • WO=world

25 February



what's being played
at CiTR 101.9 FM

charts



datebook

To submit an event
to datebook send info to:
discord@club.ams.ubc.ca

December Albums

- | | | |
|------------------------------|--|----------------|
| 1 THE GAY* | You Know The Rules | Mint |
| 2 RADIO BERLIN* | Sister Sounds (Remixes) Global Symphonix | Otto |
| 3 HUMAN HI-LITE REEL* | S/T | Nerve |
| 4 SPREAD EAGLE* | S/T | Mint |
| 5 YOUNG AND SEXY* | Life Through One Speaker | Paper Bag |
| 6 V/A* | Paper Bag Sampler: vol. 1 | In The Red |
| 7 DIRTBOMBS | Dangerous Magical Noise | Flyer |
| 8 JOEL* | Return of the Fucked | Alien8 |
| 9 SHALABI EFFECT* | Pink Abyss | Sub Pop |
| 10 SHINS | Chutes Too Narrow | Flyer |
| 11 APPROACH* | Wings Of Monarchs | Alien8 |
| 12 UNICORNS* | W.W.C.O.H.W.W.G.? | Jagjaguwar |
| 13 ONEIDA | Secret Wars | Jet Set |
| 14 SUN KIL MOON | Ghosts O' Great Highway | Warner |
| 15 FLAMING LIPS | Ego Tripping At The Gates... | DFA |
| 16 V/A | DFA Compilation #1 | Seeland |
| 17 POREST | Prude Juice... | Smartin Up! |
| 18 MECCA NORMAL* | Janis Zeppelin | Too Pure |
| 19 LAIKA | Wherever I Am I Am... | Blue Note |
| 20 AL GREEN | I Can't Stop | Soft Abuse |
| 21 OLD BOMBS | Audios | Teenage USA |
| 22 STINKMUTT* | Scratch 'N' Sniff | Thin Wrist |
| 23 OPEN CITY | The Birth Of Cruel | Drag City |
| 24 MOVIEONE | The Sand And The Stars | Teenage USA |
| 25 THE WEEKEND* | Teaser [EP] | Warner |
| 26 KILL BILL: VOLUME ONE OST | | Saved By Radio |
| 27 V/A* | B.Y.O.P. Calgary... | Atlantic |
| 28 THE DARKNESS | Permission To Land | Cuneiform |
| 29 EL GUAP0 | Five Suns | Cellar Live |
| 30 CHARLES McPHERSON* | Live at the Cellar | Indie |
| 31 THE PETER PARKERS* | This Is Silly Music | Closer |
| 32 PLASTIKMAN * | | Paper Bag |
| 33 V/A | Rocky Horror Punk Rock... | Springman |
| 34 DUB NARCOTIC.... | Degenerate Introduction | k |
| 35 EVIL PUPIL* | gallons of void | Cyclop Media |

* CanCon

Saturday 31
Mates of State
@ Brickyard

Sunday 1
Playing Enemy
Upkill Bottle
Coatswood
Tsavo
A Javelin Reign
7 pm @ Underwear Farm

Monday 2
Groundhog's Day, fuckers

Pip
McEnroe
@ Pic Pub

Tuesday 3
Starsalor
9 pm @ Commodore

Numbers
@ Brickyard

Wednesday 4
Gomez
Rachael Yamagata
9 pm @ Commodore

Rock for Choice featuring:
Honeyuckle Seronita
All State Champion
End This Week With Knives
Harrow
7:30 pm @ Video In

Thursday 5
Pigmy Love Circus
9 pm @ Richard's

Rock for Choice featuring:
Carolyn Mark
Barley Wk
Red on the Leftie
10 PM @ Railway Club

Chocolate Soup
@ Pic Pub

Friday 6
The Dolly Ranchers
Rae Spoon
8 pm (doors) @ WISE Hall

Rock for Choice featuring:
Fuel Injected: 45
The Basement Sweets
Skinjobs
No-No Spots
10 pm @ Brickyard

The Golems
The Inebriators
@ Pic Pub

Vic Lipucci
Spitting Adam
@ Media Club

Saturday 7
Low
Che! 8:30 pm @ The Drink

Rock for Choice featuring:
S.T.R.E.E.T.S.
Black Rice
Che: Chapter 127
Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys
10 pm @ Brickyard

Three Dots
Elizabeth
No-No Spots
@ Pic Pub

The Flairs
Means to An End
Vincent Black Shadow
@ Media Club

Monday 9
The Front
Josh Martinez
@ Pic Pub

Tuesday 10
Drive-By Truckers
9 pm @ Richard's

Wednesday 11
The Walkmen
The Decembarists
The Countless Jibes
9 pm @ Richard's

Thursday 12
Now!w!
@ Richard's

Friday 13
Right to Rock! featuring:
Faces of Eve
Fipswitch
The Grails
Junedag
Dan Swinimer
@ Media Club

Stablo
@ Richard's

Saturday 14
The Evaporators
Los Furios
Riff Randells
Rosh
Thee Gobins
@ Brickyard

New Town Animals
Wednesday Night Heroes
Emergency
@ Pic Pub

Tuesday 17
The Evaporators
Los Furios
Riff Randells
Thee Gobins
7 pm (doors) @ Mesa Luna

Wednesday 18
Dakota
Pilate
@ Richard's

Friday 20
Rant Music
@ Pic Pub

Star Collector
The Ryecatchers
@ Media Club

International Playboys
@ Brickyard

Saturday 21
Radio Killer
Absence
@ Cobalt

Fine Options
Mongoose
@ Pic Pub

Run Chico Run
Notes from Underground
@ Pub340

State of Shock CD release
Fluffy Star
@ Media Club

Sunday 22
Les Yeux Noirs
@ Richard's

Monday 23
British Sea Power
Kaito
@ Richard's

Tuesday 24
Super Furry Animals
@ Richard's

Thursday 26
Ruff n' Tuff Jam
@ Richard's

Friday 27
Clumsy Lovers CD release
@ Media Club

Sunday 29
Dillinger Escape Plan
Red Light Sling
The Locust
@ Mesa Luna

Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| 1 Mongoose | White Plastic Deer |
| 2 Billy and the Lost Boys | Breaking down the barriers that break down your music |
| 3 The Plutonics | S/T |
| 4 Second | S/T |
| 5 The Rebel Spell | Expression in Layman's Terms |
| 6 Magical Glass Tears | These Autumn Leaves |
| 7 Roadbed | Autopilot |
| 8 Married to Music | World's Gotta Go Round |
| 9 The Basement Sweets | For Rent EP |
| 10 Selvatone | Across the Bridge |
| 11 Emerald City | S/T |
| 12 Little Luan | Absorbent |
| 13 Salmon Arm | S/T |
| 14 Pete Campbell | My Cool Heart |
| 15 Shiftfaced | S/T |
| 16 Man Down | S/T |
| 17 EXP | I'm Alive |
| 18 The Clumsy Lovers | After the Flood |
| 19 Screwtape Self Titled | S/T |
| 20 Mermald Engine | Another Man's Gun |

places to be

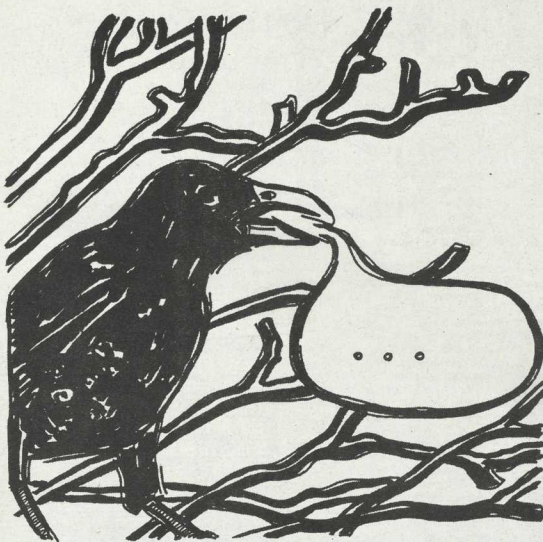
concert venues:

brickyard	315 carroll	604.685.3922
café deux soleils	2096 commercial	604.254.1195
cellar	3611 w. broadway	604.738.1959
cobalt	917 main	604.764.punk
commodore	868 granville	604.739.7469
green room	695 cambie	604.608.2871
lotus	455 abbott	604.685.7777
the main	4210 main	604.709.8555
maine club	573 homer	604.683.1720
pat's pub	403 e. hastings	604.255.4301
pic pub	620 w. pender	604.682.3221
railway club	579 dunsmuir	604.681.1625
richard's	1036 richards	604.687.6794
the royal	1029 granville	604.685.7527
sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858

misc venues:

cinémathèque	1131 howe	604.688.8202
ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
record shops:		
active pass records	324 w. hastings	604.646.2411
bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734
beatstreet records	3-712 rabson	604.683.3344
black swan records	3209 w. broadway	604.734.2828
crosstown music	518 w. pender	604.683.8774
flourish flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964
red cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
scrape records	17 w. broadway	604.877.1676
scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
zulu records	1972 w. 4th	604.738.3232

Kick around december⁰³/january 04/feb 04
scott martin.



Sorry, scott, we lost this month's
cartoon, so we're reprinting the last one.

RAISING THE FAWN the north sea

years in the making,
eight new compositions from toronto's raising the fawn

out feb 24th 2004

visit www.raisingthefawn.com for more info

DATES

02/02/2004 Toronto ON • Kophaus • w/Brand New
02/07/2004 Toronto ON • Horseshoe Tavern • w/The Wrens
02/12/2004 Hamilton ON • The Underground • w/Stars
03/02/2004 Victoria BC • Legends • w/Broken Social Scene
03/03/2004 Vancouver BC • Commodore Ballroom • w/Broken Social Scene
03/05/2004 Edmonton AB • Dinwiddie Lounge (U of A) • w/Broken Social Scene
03/05/2004 Calgary AB • MacEwan Ballroom (U of C) • w/Broken Social Scene
03/07/2004 Saskatoon SK • Louis Pub (U of Sask) • w/Broken Social Scene
03/08/2004 Winnipeg SK • Pyramid Canale • w/Broken Social Scene
03/02 - 03/09 as part of the Exclaim! 12th Annual Cross Canada Concert Series



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PRESENTS

SPECTRA NOVA

WEEKLY MUSIC SERIES

FEBRUARY 4

MARK O'LEARY **EYVIND KANG** **DYLAN VAN DER SCHYFF**
IRISH CUTTHROST SEATTLE VIOLINIST VANCOUVER DRUMMER

FEBRUARY 11

ELECTRO-ACOUSTIC JAZZ **TONY WILSON QUINTET** CD RELEASE PARTY
TONY WILSON MIRIAM ANZAI J.P. CARTER RUSSELL SHOLBERG SKYE BROOKS

FEBRUARY 18

SUBURBAN SONGS OF SUNDAY STATUS **EXISTENTIAL ANGST PARTY** *THIS SHOW ONLY AT 10:00PM
VIVIANE HOULE STEFAN SMILONTITZ BRENT BELKE CLYDE REED

FEBRUARY 25

FRANCOIS HOULE AND FRIENDS CD RELEASE PARTY
COMPOSER IMPROVISER CLARINETTIST WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

DOORS 730 **WEDNESDAY NIGHTS** SHOWS 8:00

AT THE **ANZA CLUB**
3 WEST 8TH AVENUE BY ONTARIO
www.zula.ca 604.879.4990

The Noise Made For People

Zulu's new sound survey...

ONEIDA

Secret Wars CD

There are 10 reasons this record is worthy of your attention: 1. This record is equipped with a song called "Caesar's Column" — that alone implies it has guts. 2. Oneida will impress you with their use of gongs — a rarely employed percussion accent. 3. Like early *Trans Am* records, Oneida still use a live drummer for their syncopated fills. 4. "Secret Wars" is body music — your body will react to it. 5. You have a soft-spot for Gamelan riffs transposed for the electric guitar. 6. Ying and yang — feedback and synthesizer. 7. Their previous and sublime record "Anthem of the Moon" was lost in a break-up. 8. Sonic euphoria does less damage than job. 9. Redefining modern psychedelia, a track like "The Winter Shaker" could spice up your uncle's hippie commune slideshow. And the number 10 reason to dig *Secret Wars* is no one can hold the Lotus position forever — give yourself a break and a treat with this remarkable record!

CD 16.98

THE NOTWIST

Different Cars and Trains CD

Once we could keep it in stock, *The Notwist's* *Neon Golden* sold by the BMW truckload and the Germans built them spaciouso. For a band that used to play heavy metal (no really), *Neon Golden* offered the right mix of electronic music and guitar pop: it was the proverbial "now sound". But no, the people wanted more, and more. Thus, more than a stopgap release, this live track CD should keep fans happy while the next album is cooked up in the studio and on the hard drive, featuring two remixes by Console (which is actually the alter-ego of a Notwist member, yes, excited music fans, together) and one by Loopslop. Tidy, efficient, smart: *The Notwist* are a high performance vehicle.

CD 14.98

FANTOMAS

Delirium Cordia CD

Delirium Cordia is an almost althous final infection of the ear drum that extends into the brain. Scientists have yet to discover the source of this enigmatic illness. Some argue it is a virus, others suggest it is passed genetically. First symptoms include uncontrollable head banging and generalized jerky body movements, with occasional dissociative episodes. Victims of *Delirium Cordia* report feeling overcome with nervous energy, flashes of thoughtless reverie and an urge to supplicate to a mysterious figure known as "Fantomas". Scientists have yet to provide a rational explanation for this surprising schizophrenic-like symptom. Hours of study have failed to uncover any mention of "Fantomas" in the history of known diseases. One research attempt involved the close observation of patients receiving treatment for *Delirium Cordia*. Along with the symptoms already mentioned, hospital staff reported patients wandering around the afflicted disses ward quietly uttering to themselves, "Patton, Patton, Patton". The medical community remains stupefied by this mysterious "Patton" and "Fantomas".

CD 19.98

SALE PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL FEBRUARY 29, 2004

CALIFONE

Heron King Blues CD/LP

American popular music is structured like the human psyche, then *Califone* are the unconscious and *Wicon* are conscious. For all of *Wicon*'s creativity, they pull back from the abstractions and free-play that make *Califone*'s music so elusive but significant. This is an issue of locality. What *Califone* does is both deeply mysterious and intimately familiar, the first level of encoding placed over the awesome power of pure impulse drives. Barely repressed material enters the mix and then drifts into dreamy ephemera, a loosely evolving ambience. For example, the Heron King itself is a dream figure, a social-psychological apparition only appreciated tangentially. Or put another way, *Califone* are as if the *Sun City Girls* played beautifully. Both groups share enormous breadth and a shifting balance of improvisation with composition, but while the *Sun City Girls* often scratch and clang, *Califone* play like a lullaby, gently revealing a rosy Americana from the inside out. Wisely, *Califone* left the blues fill out the rest.

CD/LP 16.98

WEIRD WAR

If You Can't Beat 'Em, Bite 'Em CD/LP

The Weird War is a super group that is really beside the point. And since *Hagerty* split this ain't even true anymore besides. More important, the *Svenonious-Mae* axis is still present and dutiful. And in actual fact, with some dude named *Brunner*, *Weird War* proper is actually now the former *Scene Creators*. Go figure. What is truly important is that this sophomore recording proves (again?) that the revolution does have a funky rock and roll backbone. Okay sure, this is aesthetics as revolution — but at least it isn't revolution as aesthetics. May 68 looks fine on a t-shirt, but does this make a fucking difference? More like history chills out and a band cry for the disaffected multitude that we've become today. Thus, if *Weird War* has one message to proselytize, it is this: Our cynicism is our worst enemy. In other words, if we want to change the world into a dance party, well shit man, we'd better get to it.

CD/LP 16.98

SAVATH & SAVALAS

Aprapa! CD/LP

Searching for his roots, *Scott Serran* has left Atlanta for Spain. Frankly, the result couldn't sound better. For some reason the first *Savath & Savalas* was under-appreciated when it came out. The same fate will not befall this great new recording, which has a developed sound and accomplished instrumentation. It's a mature work. Unlike the forward-thinking hip hop of *Prufuze 73*, *Savath & Savalas* is a jazzier, and more laidback affair this time featuring vocals by both *Herbert* and the Cuban singer-songwriter *Eva Puypelo Muns*, who has a gentle, breathy voice — just the thing for late night listening or headphone playback. And if this record is any accurate impression of gloire Andalusia, then I'm sold. The sun is audible here, with all the same impact as *Pedro Almodovar*'s use of colour — glorious, excellent and beautiful. With support playing from some well-known Chicago musicians, *Aprapa!* is something to savor. Available February 7.

CD/LP 19.98

BELLE AND SEBASTIAN

Fans Only DVD

Need something for those lazy Sunday afternoons spent lying around the house? Have you read all the Camus, Kafka and Kierkegaard chapbooks many times over? Have you curled up in a ball in front of the fire and exhausted hours with your collection of *Smiths*, *Nick Drake* and *Scott Walker* albums? Have you watched Rushmore so many times that you can recite all the lines with the sound turned down? Will this solemn annual ever have a riprieve? Cheer up indie-tocker for we have a real treat for you! Just as good as a long lost J.D. Salinger short story, we've discovered the home-movie collection of perennial Zulu faves *Belle and Sebastian* and it features some candid moments in the history of this seminal two-pop group dating all the way back to their glorious days circa *If Your Feeling Sinister!* This collection of both audio and video artifacts is over two hours long and features about 75 clips including unreleased songs or covers not available anywhere else. The live footage comes from Glastonbury, Bowle Weekend at Camberlands, the Coachella festival and many other sources. The TV appearances include live performances and interviews on British, French, American, and Brazilian TV, as well as a sought-after 1996 Scottish TV program about the band entitled "Don't Look Down". Yes, your Sundays will be heavenly for evermore!

DVD 19.98

And elsewhere at Zulu

CAMERA OBSCURA-Underachievers Please Try Harder CD

FUCK ME USA/CHANNELS 3 & 4 - s/t 7"

BRANCA: Symphony Nos. 8 & 10 Live at the Kitchen DVD

V/A: Sounds And Pressure - Volume 5 CD

THE HAFLE TRIO: Normally 2CD

CHICAGO UNDERGROUND TRIO: Slon CD

BOBBY CONN: The Homeland CD/LP

GHOST: Hypnotic Underworld CD/ZLP

CORNELIUS: Five Point One CD/LP

DIZZY RASCAL: Jus A Rascal CD/LP 12"

PEACHES: Kick It CDEP/12"

GHOST MOMMY-Mammal Class LP

MR. AIRPLANE MAN-C'mon DJ LP/CD

LOUD SOUNDSYSTEM-Yeah 12"

SUFJAN STEVENS-Michigan CD

DIMITRI FROM PARIS-In The House CD/LP

ELECTRELANE

The Power Out CD/LP

Where we had last left off with *Brighton's Electrelane* they were busy supporting the release of their stellar debut *Rock It To The Moon*. With a single record they had overnignt gone from a smalltime group with a handful of 7" to the darlings of London's emerging spacerock revival set. So, with their sophomore release on the launch pad, it's all in who's getting in, so this orbit is about to get even wilder! Recalling the glory days of *The Faith Healers*, *Moonshake* and *Lanka*, we recommend this record for all those who always wished *Stereolab* had stuck to the noise in their filters. Great!

AVAILABLE FEBRUARY 7

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local music extravaganza

Look no further than our own shores for the next sign of greatness

THE APPROACH

Wings of Monarchs CD

A avant rock cabaret shuffling has produced the latest and greatest signing to Flyer Records label! Featuring a new collaboration between members of *Red Light Sting*, *Close Caption Radio* and *Donkey Engine*. *The Approach* are not a novice recruit to Vancouver's burgeoning league of dissonant rocks. Their debut release moves way beyond the trappings of conventional guitar/bass/drums to feature a fully realized and seamless blend of delicate instrumentation and bombastic visceral dissonance. Enjoy.

CD 12.98

JONATHAN INC.

Things Done and Left Undone CD

Having shared the stage with the likes of *Josh Rimes*, *Richard Buckner* and *Victoria Williams*, it's not surprising *Jonathan Anderson* a.k.a. *Jonathan Inc.* has quietly left his songwriting skills earn him the respect of his peers. His melancholic blend of stoic roots rock first landed him a job in *Radiogram*, but after a steady stream of releases honing in a sound that is nimble lush and densely orchestrated without ever seeming overwrought, his own voice has finally begun to soar. A delicate listen for fans of *Mark Kozalek*, *Elliott Smith* and *Pedro the Lion*.

CD 12.98

THE

EVAPORATORS

Ripple Rock CD

inding time away from his assorted duties with *Muchmusic* and *CBC Radio 3*, our much loved *Hardward* the *Human Serenite* returns with his Evaporators to shake the rust off their garage rock bug! These guys have no let up as *Ripple Rock* details the original shakedown sound that *Hardward* first dreamed up over a burger at the Tomahawk! But here is something new, this disc features some enhanced materials to further his gonzo interviewing legacy. Fun times for all!

CD 14.98

ZULU EVENTS

art at zulu

Loopholes in a neck of the woods. new and used works by Arvo Leopold. February 7th-29th

MARK MUSHNETT
Coming soon:
Mark Mushnet photography exhibit...
March 30-April 15th



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